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"A GREEN ISLE..."

By NAOMI WHITE

HELEN, my room-mate at the boarding-house, is athletic—one of those girls that tennis racquets get all unstrung over, and suitcases start squeaking out two steps in advance for.

She even contrives to be athletic at her job all day. Helen is a bookkeeper at our local general store, while I teach French at the High School. I myself am not athletic.

If Helen had not been so athletic, she wouldn't have gone riding after work last Friday afternoon in driving rain. She would have stayed at home, and then when Neil Whitfield came she would have been wearing her usual brown sweater

and skirt and low heels and straight hair, and all that trouble wouldn't have happened—maybe.

But the way Helen ignores the weather you would think it was a poor relation. And so she went for a ride, and came in about half-past six looking like a wet setter pup.

"Nice ride?" I said rising up languidly from my bed, where I was sprawled reading.

"Great," she said, taking her boots off and putting them to drain in the

fireplace. "Carmen's leg is still a little bit stiff, but I'll be winning that cup in the show-to-morrow. I feel it in my bones."

Our town was holding its first show since before the war, and the whole district was in a dither over it.

"Got a robe I can slip on, Marge?" Helen asked, running her fingers through her wet hair. "My brown seersucker's in the wash."

And so that's how it happened that at seven o'clock when Lieutenant Neil Whitfield came, Helen was sprawled on the couch in the drawing-room in my best white chiffon negligee with her hair fluffed up in gold ringlets round her temples and a book of poems by Edgar Allan Poe on her knee. The book of poems was there because we had brought our cups of tea in here, and a nice flat book is a good thing to make a lap of.

I was just coming back from taking the cups to the kitchen when the doorbell rang.

"That," I said resignedly, "would be Brian."

My cousin Brian was just back from Borneo, and was due, I knew, to pass through our town at any time on his way to spend some of his leave with friends.

So you can imagine how I felt when I opened that front door expecting to see Cousin Brian's buck teeth and freckles, and found myself looking straight into the eyes of the best-looking man I have ever seen. He had brown eyes and dark hair, and a smile that just naturally made a girl start

"I am glad I came," Neil Whitfield said enthusiastically, as he gazed down at Helen.

right in figuring out a color scheme for the bridesmaids.

"Won't you come in?" I said purely by way of reflex action, for while nobody as handsome as this could possibly have any reason to be coming to our boarding-house, I reckoned that at least I could be looking at him while he was explaining the mistake.

So he came in and said in a pleasantly deep voice, "My name is Neil Whitfield. I'm a friend of Brian Cox's, and he suggested I look you up. I have to put in twenty-four hours here waiting to connect with my train for home—" Right here he got his first look at Helen, and his face lit up. "Are you Margery Cox?" he asked in an awed voice. Enthusiastically he added: "I am glad I came."

Helen gave him a surprised look and then let him have one of those slow sweet smiles that hitherto had been bestowed only on horses, golf links, and new tennis balls. "Why, no," she said. "My name is Helen, Helen Burke."

"I," I said firmly, "am Margery Cox." Clearing my throat, I said it again. Louder.

"Oh, yes," he said, tearing his gaze away from Helen long enough to give me the remnants of a dazed smile. "Your cousin thought perhaps you might not mind showing me round a bit."

"Well," I said briskly, "of course, we are simply deluged with social invitations, but perhaps we might be able to fit you in somewhere. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," he said, looking more dazed than ever and sitting down and looking at Helen as if she might vanish any moment into thin air. "You know, Miss Burke," he said, "you can't imagine how surprised I am to find you here. I've seen so many bulging-muscled girls in slacks these last few years, I guess I never expected again to find a really sweet girl who looked and acted feminine."

He shook his head as if he couldn't get over his good fortune.

Helen looked at him blankly and then said in a rather confused way, "I'm afraid you're too complimentary, Lieutenant Whitfield." That kind of conversation wasn't at all like Helen Burke, but he just beamed at her.

"Oh, no, I'm not," he insisted, and reached over and picked up that book of poems as proof. "You are everything a girl should be—sweet, pretty, dainty, and you even read my favorite poet!"

THAT was too much for me. I snorted right out, but he didn't even hear me, for he had begun to read aloud that one about the green isles: "Thou wast ill that to me, love, for which my soul did pine: a green isle in the sea, love, a fountain and a shrine." And when he finished he gave Helen a positively rapturous look.

It certainly is a lonesome feeling, sitting and watching a couple fall in love. Even when the telephone rang, Helen didn't move, and ordinarily she's the one who jumps to answer it. So I had to answer, and it was Dave Whittle over at the stables where Helen keeps her horse wanting to know whether she wanted to see Carmen again before he locked up for the night.

I said, turning round to Helen, "Dave wants to know if you would like to see Carmen again."

Neil Whitfield jumped to his feet as if I had just sounded reveille. "Oh, no," he said earnestly, "let me take you to the opera, Miss Burke."

Helen and I both just stared at him. And then all of a sudden I knew that he thought Helen was being invited to go to the opera! Grand opera in our country town!

Helen was quick, too. She smiled over at him sweetly, and said to me, "Tell Dave, no—" and here she managed somehow by a mere lift of her eyebrows to give the impression that Dave was an impetuous suitor with an opera hat and a box of flowers, "that I have a previous engagement."

"I am so sorry," I turned back and purred over the telephone, "but Miss Burke has a previous engagement for this evening. Sorry!"

I could all but see Dave's old bald head wrinkle up in puzzlement. "Tell her," he said patiently, "that I put some liniment on Carmen's leg and does she want to see her again before to-morrow? It's stopped raining."

"Some other time, perhaps," I said in dulcet tones, and hung up the receiver.

"It's a long time since I've been to an opera," said Neil, sitting down. "This must be my lucky day. What time shall we go?"

"Oh, Dave was confused about the opera," I said sweetly, "it's a piano concert that's on to-night. And I expect you'll be wanting to take the Giddy Gays, too, won't you, Helen?"

Helen let her mouth drop open, for she had forgotten all about the Giddy Gays, I knew. They are a group of girls in our town who pride themselves on being athletic. Every Friday night Helen coaches them in basketball.

"The Giddy Gays?" Neil looked puzzled.

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**Chance flung them
a deadly challenge**

WE were standing on Central Railway Station at two-fifteen in the morning. With a shiver, Charlie Darrell said to me, "We've an hour to wait. Suppose we go somewhere and have a feed?"

It was very cold, and any other prospect than that of spending the next hour on the desolate, wind-swept platform was welcome to me.

As far as we could see, we were the only two travellers on the platform, probably the only two on the whole of Central Station, for the last suburban train had long-since departed, and the first morning country train, the Jimboos Mail, was not due to pull out until three-fifteen.

"Where can you get something to eat at this time of night?" I said. "Surely there aren't even any 'Ham-burgers' still open, these times?"

"Just you leave it to me, Glen," answered my companion. "I know this city. I'll take you to just the place. It's nothing classy and it's very back-street, but they serve a good juicy steak, cooked to order, and coffee that is coffee."

With enthusiasm,



There was one waiting at the kerb. At my glance of near-astonishment, Charlie observed: "There's nearly always one here about this time of night. I've travelled on this train before, you see."

He opened the taxi-door, and motioned me in first.

At the same time, he gave the taxi-driver an address somewhere in the warehouse quarter of the city.

As I got in, the driver gave me a sharp look, opened his lips as if to speak, thought better of it, and with a grunt, turned forward, and grasped the gear lever as the door slammed behind Charlie, who sat in beside me.

The taxi whirred effortlessly along the quiet streets, the tyres making a hollow, rumbling sound as it crossed and re-crossed the many tramlines that cut our course.

We reached our destination in two or three minutes.

The street was dark, and sharp-

sided, high buildings on each side of the roadway served to further exaggerate the narrowness of the thoroughfare, and to enhance its shadowy darkness.

The first thing I saw as I stepped from the taxi was a large garbage-bin, refuse bulging up under its battered lid. The smell arising from it was definitely not fresh. I hoped that our "cafe" would be better than this.

Charlie led me along a narrow, shadowy passageway, past a half-open door, and up some stained and well-worn wooden stairs. I could hear the clatter of crockery, the sizzling of grilling steak, and the blaring of a cheap radio.

Charlie had been my friend for years, and I did not care to tell him what I really thought of this place. It was not my idea of a really decent eating house, despite the lateness of the hour, and making other allowances.

As we stepped into the large room which was the upstairs cafe, I nearly turned tail and fled.

It wasn't that anything was actually happening that was wrong or evil; but the types of people and their attitudes, their appearances—well!

CHARLIE was about to lead me across to a corner table when a little man slid up from beside the nearby cash register and accosted us. He addressed himself to Charlie. First, he looked us both up and down, and nodded, as if in confirmation of an unexpressed opinion.

"C'mon, gents," he said, shooting the words over his shoulder, as he piloted us across the room.

"In here," he explained, giving the door in front of him three sharp taps with a pencil he had produced from his pocket. He waited a brief moment, rapped again with the pencil, then drew it across the doorframe with a scratching movement.

The door opened a few inches, and a voice issued from inside. It did not appear to come from immediately behind the doorway.

"Well—Billo?" it asked.

"It's them," answered Billo, shortly.

I looked sharply at Charlie, who touched his lips. Billo still had his back to us. I shrugged my shoulders, and kept quiet. Charlie was an adventurous soul, and—well, I was prepared to tag along with him.

We entered the room, to find ourselves the centre of a buzzing murmur of conversation, which ceased almost as soon as we arrived.

There were eight men in the small room. They were all seated round a long table, smooth-topped but stained, ostensibly playing cards and drinking coffee, but the intent looks on their faces, and the keen glances they bestowed upon us showed me that their business was far more definite and serious than just card-playing.

The man at the head of the table motioned us to the only two vacant seats.

I looked at Charlie, whose face was wood-expressioned, and sat down to await developments.

The developments were to prove amazing . . .

The man who had asked us to sit down was a thin-faced, anaemic-complexioned individual, with pin-

point eyes, which glittered through the tobacco smoke-screen like the resolute eyes of a ferret.

When he spoke again, I was so amazed I almost stood up there and then and endeavoured to walk out of this strangely assorted company . . .

"You'd be Shiny Williams, wouldn't you?" he asked, his voice sharp and piercing. He pointed his nicotine-stained index finger at me. I started. Charlie glared, through me, at the opposite wall. His look gave me my answer.

I nodded automatically. What strange game was Charlie playing?

"And you—" The pallid-skinned man now indicated my friend. "You are Alec Hammond."

He introduced himself.

"I'm the feller you'll be workin' with for a while, I'm Digger Carlton. Meet the boys!"

It was the strangest introduction I had ever witnessed.

No one spoke—one or two heads half-inclined lazily—one, a younger man with crisp, dark curly hair, blew smoke-ring across the table as an acknowledgment—the majority remained stony-faced and indifferent.

"You been doin' good work down Melbourne," commented "Digger."

This was an astonishing statement. What followed was more so.

"That Consolidated Steel payroll job was extra smart. And that Texile Industries stick-up—that was good!"

He lit a cigarette, chuckled as he

The men stared, silent and grim-faced, at Charlie and his companion.

threw the match at the sleeping cat in the corner of the room, and slid the cigarette packet along the table. It stopped halfway between Charlie and me. He chuckled again.

"Clever, ain't it?" He grinned, showing two rows of nicotine-darkened teeth. He explained the action. "Used to be a barman, once and did that with glasses. It's harder with lighter things—but I practised it and now—I never miss."

Charlie smiled back at him.

"It's certainly remarkably smart 'Digger' and must require considerable skill," he remarked, slowly.

"Digger" looked keenly at Charlie. "That's the sort of talkin' I like to hear," he said, choosing his words with care. "That's why you two blokes are with me, see. You know the talkin' an' the fancy manners, and I know you can do just the right work for me—"

I gasped inwardly as he explained our jobs.

Please turn to page 10

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P-30-27

LIGHTLY AND BRIGHTLY

FOR practically the first time since she was fifteen and nervous, Chris found herself peering anxiously into a mirror. At fifteen-and-one-half she had discovered that there was no need to be nervous and had henceforth given mirrors only the confident glances of a competent workman, but to-day was different.

After all, she thought, a girl ought to look her best when she's not going to get married. Even if she happens to be Miss Christina Farrol, of radio fame, who has both feet on the ground but is on her way up. It was with surprise and relief that she saw she was looking, as usual, ravishing.

She glanced once more at her watch, and once more at the indicator which persisted in saying Alec's train was on time. Travelling back again, her glance crossed the other waiting faces, a great many of which were turned, admiringly and curiously, in her direction, and she moved irritably beneath the inspection.

Then she was ashamed of her irritation. It was part of an actress' job to be stared at, and really had nothing to do with her anger. She was angry because she was going to do a cruel thing, and she couldn't help it. She was angry because she felt terrible.

Carefully she looked beyond the faces, at the wide, curving corridor coming up from the trains, at the incredible cleanliness of the station itself, prettily striped by shadow in the late afternoon sun. She would have to think of something to say to Alec about the station. She would have to think of some tidy jest before she said, "Alec, my dear, I'm just as sorry as I can be, but I'm not going to marry you."

The waiting crowd surged toward the platform as the train approached. But Chris stood helplessly still, her eyes on the curve round which he would appear, her mind hysterically repeating the facts, the undeniable, the practical, the sensible facts.

She wanted, and she knew he wanted, a real marriage, or it was better to have no marriage at all. It was better to face the uncertainties of the day, face them clearly and realistically, than to try to build on them a false security.

These are true things, she was thinking, these are rational and true—when Alec rounded the curve, still far away but unmistakable in the throng, and suddenly the panic left her. She felt sorry for him.

He was so very much the same. She had been prepared for the few changes she saw—the new military bearing, the leaner, harder body and the deeply tanned skin—but beneath them all he was surprisingly, almost shockingly the same. He came directly to her, stood looking down at her, and his smile was the old smile. She thought with a stabbing hurt: His love, too, his love will not have changed.

She said gently, "Hello, Alec," and prepared to receive, if not return, his kiss.

He did not kiss her. He took both of her hands in his, lacing their fingers closely together, in the gesture that was painfully familiar to her. It is more intimate, she reminded herself remorsefully, than a kiss, more our own, and that is why he uses it now.

She thought: Now he will tell me how much he has missed me, how much he loves me. He will say it lightly and brightly, in the old way, but he will say it. She resolved to bear it bravely.

What Alec said was: "You've got a new nose. I don't care for it."

Quickly, gratefully, she met his mood: "You've got a new, straight nose. I can't stand it."

He shrugged. "Occupational disease."

She freed one of her hands and touched, with genuine pride and

pleasure, the lapels on his shoulders. "These are pretty baubles. Wherever did you find them?"

Alec said curiously, "Things came out much as we planned—didn't they, Chris? Your career, my commission, this leave that we can spend together. Except," he explained carefully, elaborately, not looking at her, "that it really isn't a leave. I only have this week-end. Just about thirty-six hours, actually."

Thirty-six hours! Poor Alec. Chris thought, but probably it is just as well. And now, of course, I must tell him.

She steeled herself. She slowly lifted her eyes and looked on him with a sorrowful tenderness. But this was not the moment, after all.

Alec was speaking again. "There's one difference in our plans, Chris," he said. "A necessary alteration. We're—we're not going to be married to-day."

His face was stiff and pale and his eyes, staring at her, were the eyes of a stranger. But his voice gentled as he added, "I'm sorry, Chris, but I'm not going to marry you."

For a wild moment Chris was convinced that she had spoken after all, and that her voice had simply, if unaccountably, changed.

Through a high fog of utter incredulity, she dimly made out the shape of another uniform looming up behind Alec's. A male voice said with exceptional heartiness, "Well, Alec, old man of all people. I haven't seen you for minutes."

As if nothing whatsoever had happened, Alec turned, smiled, and extended his hand. The proffered handshake, however, was never achieved, for this other uniform was suddenly stiffly still, arrested in mid-motion. Then it began to plod slowly round Chris, in a wide attentive circle.

The man's voice said flatly, "I don't believe it. She's one of those Government Issue mirages."

Alec pivoted politely about to face Chris. "Lieutenant Lloyd," he explained, "is well known in certain sordid circles as a beauty lover, so it was inevitable that you should sometime meet. Miss Farrol, Lieutenant Bob Lloyd—for whom there is no antidote."

"Yes," said Lieutenant Lloyd harshly. "I have loved beauty. I have loved it passionately, but never until this moment have I found out."

"You see?" Alec murmured to Chris. "In his own odd way the man has talent."

Chris forced her eyes and ears into focus. The voice went on. "Give me nothing but the truth, Alec," it demanded. "Does this belong to you?"

Very clearly, with her painfully returning sense, Chris could hear Alec's answer, "No," he said. He said it happily, and he added with a perfunctory wave of his hand, "We have known each other for years."

"Thank the stars," Bob murmured devoutly.

Alec's voice was running on with the even throb of a well-oiled motor:

"By the way, Bob, where are you staying?"

Chris was to fix something up for me somewhere, and I presume she has.

Why don't you double up with me? And why don't we begin seeing something of this glamor spot? I'm ripe for hilarity."

"And I," Bob smiled tenderly on Chris, "have much to celebrate."

Alec started briskly off through the ebbing crowd and then, as though he had just recalled a trivitally turned back.

"Coming, Chris?"

In whatever dreary place it had been hiding, Chris found her voice, and she used it sweetly.

"If you're sure," she cooed, "that I won't be in the way."

As she dressed that evening, re-actions piled on Chris' mind as



Alec was smiling at another girl, Chris realised, losing interest in the men about her.

glamorous glow I've read about, Chris."

Bob said simply, "I am lost," and bestowed on her his offering of flowers.

They drove the three of them, to a popular restaurant, and, while the prevailing mood was still noticeably noncommittal, Chris felt anything but comradely. She waited until they were seated, until Bob had given their order, before she smiled gaily and said, "Since we're all such very good friends and practically inseparable, we should have no secrets from one another—should we?"

"D'e definitely not," Bob declared, and Chris went on brightly. "So you might be interested in knowing that I've just been jilted!"

"By whom?" Bob roared. "By what madman?"

"Me," Alec said. Chris could not decide whether he said it proudly or just smugly.

Bob stared at him long and pitifully. "For that," he said finally, "you could be discharged from the Army. You're obviously not right in the head."

"Anyway," Chris continued smoothly, "since we are such awfully good friends, I thought you might as well be with us when I returned Alec's ring. There's no use in hiding the fact that we have gone—as the phrase is—fiffl."

Bob's grin was wide and beautiful. "It's a pleasure. Not," he added righteously, "that I'm not sorry the poor fellow is dotty. But it's hardly my fault, is it?"

Alec said, "I want you to keep the ring, Chris."

"No——"

"I gave it to you. It's yours. I have no further use for it."

Quickly Chris pulled the ring from her finger. "I never," she mocked primly, "accept gifts from strange men."

"And, ladie," Bob crowed, "are you strange?"

Alec shrugged and extended his hand. The ring travelled from her fingers to his and disappeared finally into a pocket.

Now, Chris thought, there is nothing at all between us, not even a symbol. It is over. A foolish sentimental sadness rose in her, tried to engulf the small triumph she should have been feeling, but she briskly discarded it. She had wanted it to be over and she had had, in the traditionally feminine fashion, the last word. The situation was completely resolved.

It shocked her no little to discover, therefore, that when they went on to a night club after dinner she was definitely and shamelessly showing off. Christina Farrol, who was gathering devotees as The New Type—Christina Farrol, that intellectual, conservative, well-bred, talented, and, incidentally, beautiful actress—was making an entrance.

Please turn to page 24



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BAFFLING mystery surrounds the deaths of lovely young heiress ROSEMARY BARTON and her husband, GEORGE, each of whom died from poisoning in the midst of a party at a fashionable hotel. Suicide was the verdict on Rosemary's death. Later, suspecting that she was murdered, George plans to trap the murderer at an exactly similar party, but dies himself.

Suspicions of Rosemary's death point at each of the party guests. STEPHEN FARRADAY was carrying on a secret love affair with Rosemary, and his wife, LADY ALEXANDRA, had learnt of it. IRIS MARLE, Ruth's young sister, was heiress to her large fortune.

ANTHONY BROWNE, at first infatuated with Rosemary, then in love with Iris, has a mysterious background. RUTH LESSING, George's secretary, was secretly in love with him and bitterly resentful of Rosemary.

Equally, however, CHIEF INSPECTOR KEMP and COLONEL RACE, investigating the case, can find exonerating circumstances for all these persons. The day after George's death they are interviewing numerous people, including the hotel waiters and CHRISTINE SHANNON, who was at a nearby table. But though Christine gives them minute details about the party guests, these throw no further light on the matter, and they are continuing a rather hopeless discussion.

Now read on:

C

HIEST Inspector Kemp said thoughtfully: "That other waiter Miss Shannon spoke about. The little boy who picked up a bag and put it back on Barton's table. The regular waiters never mentioned him. I might look into that. After all, he's the one person who was near the table while they were all away dancing. There might be something in it."

Race shook his head. "If he'd put anything in Barton's glass that girl would have seen him. No, Kemp, there might be some quite simple explanation, if only we could get it."

"Yes, there's one. He dropped it in himself."

"I'm beginning to believe that that is what happened. That it's the only thing that can have happened. But, if so, Kemp, I'm convinced he didn't know it was cyanide."

"You mean someone gave it to him? Told him it was for indigestion or blood pressure—something like that?"

"It could be."

"Then who was the someone? Not either of the Farradays."

"That would certainly seem unlikely."

"And I'd say Mr. Anthony Browne is equally unlikely. That leaves us two people—an affectionate sister-in-law—"

"And a devoted secretary."

Kemp looked at him. "Yes, she could have planted something of the kind on him... I'm due now to go to Kidderminster House to see the Farradays. What about you? Going round to see Miss Marie?"

"I'm going to go and see the other one at the office. Condolences of an old friend. I might even take her out to lunch."

"So that is what you think?"

"I don't think anything yet. I'm casting about."

You ought to see Iris Marie, all the same."

"I'm going to see her, but I'd rather go to the house first when she isn't there. Do you know why, Kemp?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say."

"Because there is someone there who twitters—twitters like a little bird. A little bird told me, was a saying of my youth. It's very true, Kemp. These twitters can tell one a lot if one just lets them twitter!"

The two men parted. Race hailed a taxi and was driven to George Barton's office in the city. Chief Inspector Kemp, mindful of his expense account, took a bus to within a stone's throw of Kidderminster House, the home of Lady Alexandra Farraday's father, Lord Kidderminster.

The inspector's face was rather grim as he mounted the steps and pushed the bell. He was, he knew, on difficult ground. The Kidderminster faction had immense political influence, and its ramifications spread out like a network throughout the country. It seemed to him highly probable that the Kidderministers would, as he phrased it to himself, "cut up rough."

Kemp soon found, however, that he had been somewhat naive in his assumption. Lord Kidderminster was far too experienced a diplomat to resort to crudities. On stating his business, Chief Inspector Kemp was taken at once by a pontifical butler to a dim, book-lined room at the back of the house, where he found Lord Kidderminster and his daughter and son-in-law awaiting him.

Coming forward, Lord Kidderminster shook hands and said, courteously, "You are exactly on time, Chief Inspector. May I say that I much appreciate your courtesy in coming here instead of demanding that my daughter and her husband should come to Scotland Yard, which, of course, they would have been quite prepared to do, if necessary—that goes without saying—but they appreciate your kindness."

Sandra said, in a quiet voice, "Yes, indeed, Inspector."

Stephen Farraday stood close by his wife. His face expressed no emotion whatever.

Stephen Farraday said: "Please ask us any questions you like, Chief Inspector."

"Thank you, Lady Alexandra."

"Just one point, Chief Inspector," said Lord Kidderminster. "You have, of course, your own sources of information, and I gather, from my friend the commissioner, that this man Barton's death is regarded as murder rather than as suicide, though, on the face of it, to the outside public, suicide would seem a more likely explanation... You thought it was suicide, didn't you, Sandra, my dear?"

Sandra said in a thoughtful voice, "He seemed to me so obvious last night. We were there in the same restaurant, and actually at the same table where poor Rosemary Barton poisoned herself last year. We have seen something of Mr. Barton during the summer in the country, and he has really been very odd—quite unlike himself—and we all thought that his wife's death was preying on his mind."

"He was very fond of her, you know, and I don't think he ever got over her death. So that the idea of suicide seemed, if not natural, at least possible. Whereas I can't imagine why anyone should want to murder George Barton."

Stephen Farraday said quickly, "No more can I."

Chief Inspector Kemp looked at

By...

AGATHA CHRISTIE



"George always told me how much he relied upon you," Race told her gently.

the three inquiring facts turned toward him, and reflected a moment before speaking.

"George Barton, before his death, expressed to two people his belief that his wife had not, as was believed, committed suicide, but had instead been poisoned by some third party.

"He also thought that he was on the track of that third party, and the dinner and celebration last night, ostensibly in honor of Miss Marie's birthday, was really some part of a plan he had made for finding out the identity of his wife's murderer."

THERE was a moment's silence, and in that silence Chief Inspector Kemp, who was a sensitive man in spite of his wooden appearance, felt the presence of something that he classified as dismay.

Then Stephen Farraday said sharply, "But how did Barton get such an idea into his head? After all, Mrs. Barton did commit suicide."

Chief Inspector Kemp transferred a placid gaze to him. "Mr. Barton didn't think so."

Lord Kidderminster interposed. "But the police were satisfied? There was no suggestion of anything but suicide at the time?"

Chief Inspector Kemp said quietly, "The facts were compatible with suicide. There was no evidence that her death was due to any other agency."

He knew that a man of Lord Kidderminster's calibre would seize on the exact meaning of that.

Becoming slightly more official, Kemp said, "I would like to ask you some questions now, if I may, Lady Alexandra?"

"Certainly." She turned her head slightly toward him.

"Have you received any anonymous letters in the past year?"

The calm of her manner seemed broken by pure astonishment.

"Anonymous letters? Oh, no."

"Very well. Now, you say. Mr. Barton's manner has been odd this summer. In what way?"

She considered a minute. "Well, he was jumpy, nervous. It seemed difficult for him to focus his attention on what was said to him." She turned her head toward her husband. "Was that how it struck you, Stephen?"

"Yes, I should say that was a very fair description. The man looked physically ill, too. He had lost weight."

"Did you notice any difference in his attitude toward you and your husband?"

"No. On the contrary. He had bought a house, you know, quite close to us, and he seemed very grateful for what we were able to do for him—in the way of local introductions, I mean, and all that. Of course, we were only too pleased to do everything we could in that line, both for him and for Iris Marie, who is a charming girl."

"Was the late Mrs. Barton a great friend of yours, Lady Alexandra?"

"No, we were not very intimate." She gave a light laugh. "She was really mostly Stephen's friend. She became interested in politics, and he helped to—well, educate her politically—which I'm sure he enjoyed. She was a very charming and attractive woman, you know."

And you're a very clever one, thought Chief Inspector Kemp appreciatively. I wonder how much you know about those two—a good deal, I shouldn't wonder.

Please turn to page 25

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO MOTHER

SHE RATES A MEDAL!
ONE THAT STATES:
"SHE SERVES WHO ONLY
STANDS AND WAITS"

SHE'S LOST HER ARCHES,
GAINED HER BUNIONS
LUMPING MEAT, POTATOES,
ONIONS

NO RUBBER GLOVES
FOR GRIMY CHORE
YET-CHARMING HANDS
THAT ALWAYS SCORE!

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AND WELL DESERVES
A BIG (WHITE) HAND!

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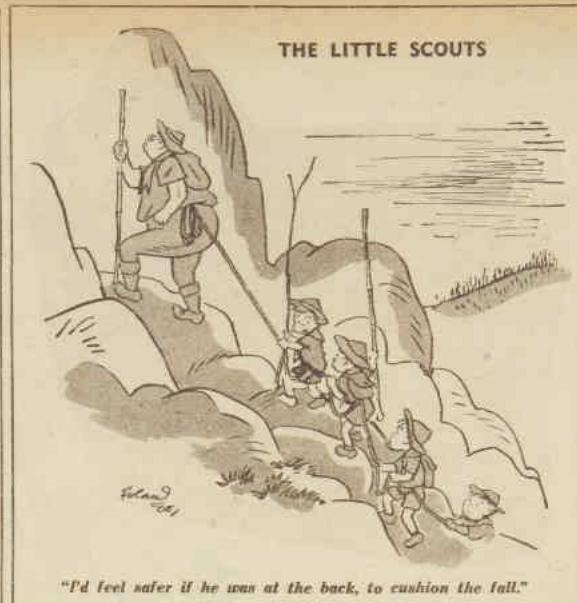
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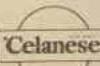
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An Hour to Wait

Continued from page 4

CHARLIE and I were to help in various stick-up jobs by securing information such as the pay-clerk's habits, the method of paying, complete details of the route along which the pay party travelled from banks and offices to the paying depots, and the logging of likely "deadspots" where a hold-up could be effectively executed.

After half an hour of this, my mind was seething with information and trembling with fear.

What would happen when they found out we weren't the men they expected? We would know too much to be pushed out into the night and told to mind my own business. I wished I had not let Charlie influence me into staying on at all. Why hadn't he told them the truth when first they had mistaken us for those two contact-men?

Just then I heard an argument outside the door, and then the pistol-rapping signal!

"Digger" motioned one of his gang to the door. This man, a tall, square-shouldered fellow, pulled a cord which ran along the door-frame. By an ingenious system of pulleys, the door could be opened by pulling the cord. That explained why the voice we had first heard prior to entering had come from the side of the doorway. They weren't taking any chances at being shot through the door!

The tall man pulled slowly on the cord and the door opened to admit two men, who, as I quickly noted, bore some resemblance to Charlie and me, although this resemblance was mainly enhanced by the manner of dressing, not so much in physical appearance.

The shorter of the two newcomers stepped in quickly and eyed Charlie and me in amazement.

"Who are these?" he demanded. "I'm Shiny Williams, and this—pointing to his companion—is Aleck Hammond. We've come to meet Digger Carleton."

"Digger" jumped to his feet, a revolver glinting in his hand.

"Don't move," he ordered.

The rest of the men stared at Charlie and me, silent and grim-faced.

I decided it was time I started to act. It looked as though bluff might be our only hope.

"It's no use," I said, slowly without moving further. Already my hand was caressing the trigger of my small automatic, unknown to the gang-leader. "You can't do anything now. Why—why do you think we got in here, and kept you talking until these two turned up from Melbourne by car?" I could see that one of the newcomers had a pair of worn motoring gloves sticking out

of his overcoat pocket, and took a look in the dark at that being true.

"Digger" looked blank.

"The place is surrounded, Carleton," I continued. "Surrounded by plain-clothes men, and any minute now they should be up here."

"You're bluffin', whoever you are!" "Digger" said shakily. "You're talkin' through your hat!"

A shout came from outside the door, and a scuffling struggle came to a quick finish . . .

"Talking through his hat, be hanged," a voice repeated, from outside, the words sounding strong and authoritative. "Open up!"

"Digger" laid his revolver on the table and slumped into his chair. The other nine men looked at him, expecting orders. He gave none. I strode across the room and opened the door.

The plain-clothes men swept past me, and quickly used five pairs of handcuffs on the ten men. Then I addressed the chief of the detectives.

"Dan," I said. "Thanks for coming. This could have been a very dangerous business. But, tell me this—how did you know to come here, and now that you're here, how do you know you've got anything on these men?"

Detective-Sergeant Dan Rotherapy laughed. "Do you remember the taxi-driver who picked you up at Central?" he asked.

"Not specially," I answered.

"Well, he remembered your face from a photo he had seen," explained the detective. "And he reckoned that even if he had retired, ex-Inspector Glen Garling, from Melbourne, wouldn't be going to a 'low' all-night cafe just to have a steak, and that perhaps he might need some help. That's why we came. The taxi-man often gives us a little help. As for the other part, I know you'll have enough on these fellows to fix that!"

I shook my head and laughed quietly. Dan will probably never know why I laughed.

"You can take this gang away now," I said, as they herded the pay-roll men from the room. "I'm staying for a steak. That's just what I did come here for, and I've been sidetracked ever since I arrived. Charlie and I'll give you the full details later. How about you, Charlie?" I added.

Ex-Inspector Charles Darrell smiled blandly.

"Let's stay and have a couple of steaks," he answered. "We've missed our train—our holiday train, anyway. We've got just one day to wait now!"

I looked at my watch. It showed three-fifteen.

(Copyright)



1 ENGLISH-EDUCATED KISENGA (Robert Adams), an African native, visits Administrative Headquarters to meet Commissioner Randall (Eric Portman) and Professor Gollner (Arnold Marle), where they discuss plans for assisting natives to move from an area where sleeping sickness is very rife.



2 WORLD TRAVELLER novelist Mrs. Upjohn (Cathleen Nesbit), who has ideas about educating the native population of the African village, is interested in the opening of a new school for children, and she is entertained by Randall at his bungalow, when he gives her information for a book.



3 ANOTHER ENGLISH VISITOR is Dr. Catherine Munro (Phyllis Calvert), who finds opposition to her modern medical methods from the natives and their witch-doctor, Magole (Orlando Martins), though Kisenga helps her. She and Randall quarrel at first but become friendly later.



4 WORKING TOGETHER, Kisenga and Catherine strive to break the hold which Magole has over the superstitious Litu people, though Randall advises them that tact is needed and that to arrest Magole for witchcraft would cause a native uprising and retard progress for better conditions.

Men of Two Worlds

PRODUCED in technicolor and starring Phyllis Calvert and Eric Portman, this film took nearly three years to complete.

In 1942 Two Cities Films in London obtained an Army release for Thorold Dickinson to direct a story of East Africa. Based on an idea of author E. Arnot Robertson, the story tells of two men, one European and the other African, who, coming together by chance, jointly solve a vital problem which neither can solve separately. Dickinson took a camera party to East Africa, where many of the sequences were shot. The rest was completed at Denham in England.

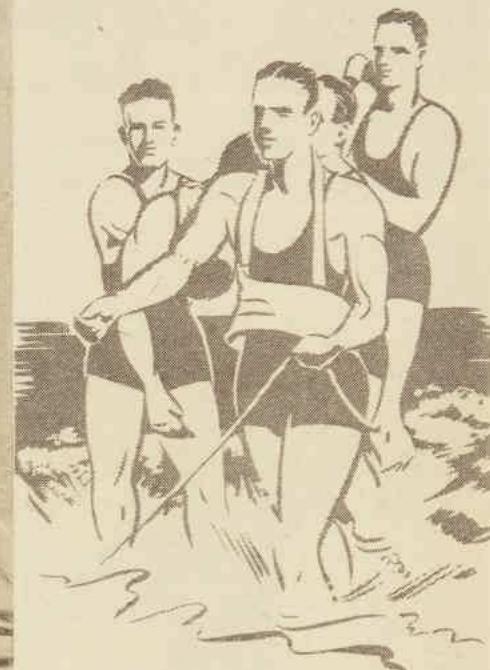
A well-known negro actor, Robert Adams, was given the important role of Kisenga, an English-trained musician who returns to his people to help free them from the spell of a native witch-doctor. Portman is the Commissioner whose racial handling of the natives in co-operation with Kisenga makes an international bond.

Phyllis Calvert as an English woman doctor made a special visit to a London hospital to receive tuition for a sequence where she inoculates the natives against the dreaded sleeping sickness disease.

Cathleen Nesbit portrays a novelist who visits Africa in search of copy.



5 REALISING that the only way to break Magole's hold is to challenge his magic power in front of the people, Randall and Kisenga call the tribe together, where a showdown is watched with interest by Mrs. Upjohn and Professor Gollner.



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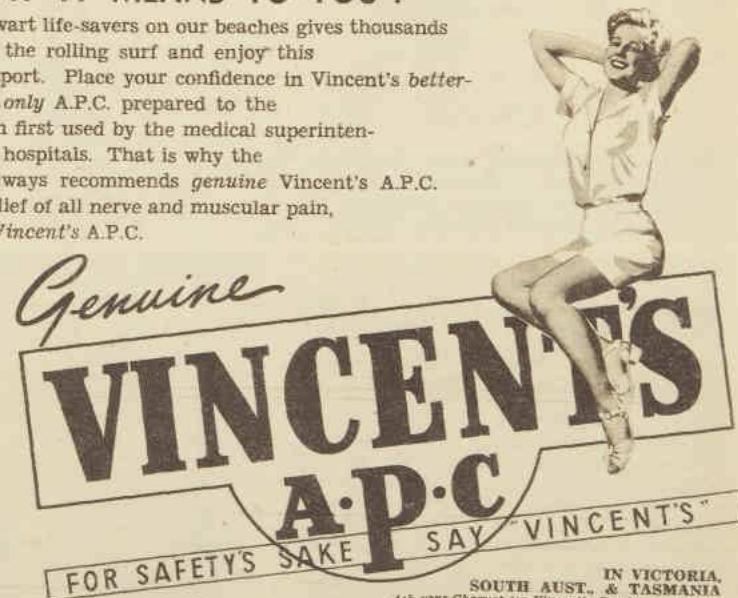
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VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS AND TABLETS



1 FRIENDS Corliss (Temple) and Mildred (Welles) sell kisses at bazaar to annoyance of Corliss' parents.



2 FEUD develops with fight between Corliss' father (Abel) and Mildred's father (Tully) and they order families to cease being on friendly terms.

Kiss and Tell...



3 HOME on leave, Corliss' soldier brother Lenny (Elliott) persuades Mildred to marry secretly.



4 WHEN Mildred's baby is expected, girls keep news secret.



5 GOSSIP makes it appear that Corliss is the expectant mother, and to protect Mildred she tells her family that Mildred's young brother Dexter (Courtland) is to be the father.



6 ARRIVAL of Uncle Robert (Benchley) adds complications for Corliss, till telegram from Lenny solves problem and families are reunited.

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麗 is Chinese for Beauty *just another word for*

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OBTAI^NABLE FROM EXCL^{US}IVE STORES AND CHEMISTS

Pigtails

By LARRY BOYS

NOT since 11-year-old Philippa appeared at the garden gate leading a massive draught-horse by the nose has there been such an earth-shaking crisis in the family as the one we've just weathered.

A few weeks ago Philippa, who is now fourteen, decided that it was high time she grew out of pigtails.

I shall never forget the day she first approached father with the suggestion that her hair be cut short.

Father exploded. "What fancy modern idea is this?" he demanded. "Time enough to cut your hair when you—when you—that is, there's plenty of time, anyway," he ended lamely.

But Philippa was not to be put off so lightly. "Pigtails are so silly, father, and a girl my age—"

Father began to look worried. By this time the family had gathered round, scenting battle.

Mother had put aside her knitting, and was already in the opening stages of a heated argument with Aunt Emily. Sister Molly was moving in to the support of father, and Uncle Andrew was nipping round the table in a well-executed manoeuvre to head her off.

Working on the principle that the neutral always profits at the expense of the belligerents, I sneaked the last cigarette from the packet at father's elbow and retired to the veranda.

The postman and the baker were coming up the garden path together as I sat down. The former lifted an eyebrow at the sound of raised voices. "What's it to-day," he smiled. "Politics?"

"No," I said. "Philippa."

The baker laughed. "Not another horse, is it?"

The neighborhood had not forgotten the incident of Philippa and the cart-horse easily. No one ever found out where she unearthed it,

but she insisted on keeping it in the front garden as a pet, on the grounds that Molly was allowed a dog.

It had been some weeks before we'd managed to have the R.S.P.C.A. spirit the animal away in the dead of night.

"No," I told the baker. "It's not a horse this time. Something more important. She wants to cut her hair."

The postman was indignant. "NOT those lovely long pigtails," he pleaded. "Why, if she was MY child I'd put her over my—"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," cut in the baker gruffly. "If I had my way all girls would have their hair cut short; they would. All this long hair ain't healthy. Unhygienic, I call it."

"All this stuff they see on the films; that's what's the cause of it all. If I had my way, kids wouldn't be allowed to go to the pictures and—"

"If you had your way you wouldn't let 'em breathe," said the postman bitterly. "It's fathers like you that's causing all this juvenile delinquency."

The baker hotly resented this sally, and all the way down the street they argued loudly.

Within a couple of days the whole township was sharply divided on the issue.

Matters came to a head when Philippa, with a sagacity remarkable in one of her years, launched an intensive campaign to influence public opinion on her behalf.

Armed with a most impressive speech, apparently learned by heart, and backed by the information of several encyclopedias, she toured the shopping centre.



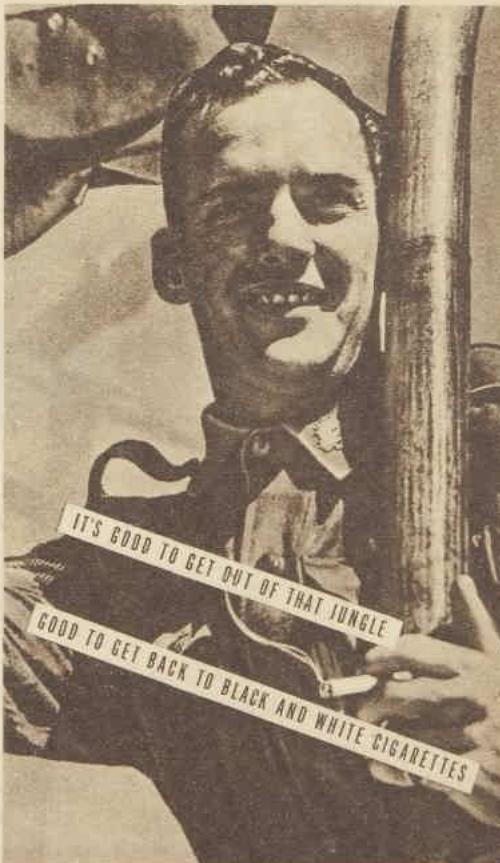
"ONLY remarkable self-control prevented Bill Jones from severing his customer's head."

over her head. "You know," she murmured, "I don't think I'll cut my hair after all. I—I can wear it in plait during the day, and let it down like this at night." She laughed.

"If it was good enough for Tondeleyo, it's good enough for me."

I went out to break the news to the family. I can only hope that Philippa never finds a copy of "White Cargo."

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ONLY remarkable self-control pre-

vented Bill Jones from sever-

ing his customer's head.

"Philippa, my girl," he said threateningly, "if you come barging in here like that again when I'm shaving somebody, I'll let you have this where you'll feel it most. Now sit down and take your turn."

Bill Jones was on father's side.

But Philippa was undaunted. She approached the waiting customers one by one.

"You don't NEED a haircut, Mr. Foster," she wheedled. "Why, it looks lovely the way it is now!"

Eventually she was forcibly ejected. When I returned home she was weeping convulsively in her bedroom.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I've got permission from D-daddy to cut m-my hair, and n-nobody will do it for me."

I looked at her. Her hair was down, and fell round her shoulders in silky waves. There was a sheen on the raven blackness of it that you can't buy by the bottle.

I went over to the window, took a couple of red carnations from the bowl, and placed them in her hair. "Have a look at yourself," I said.

She went over to the mirror.

"Tondeleyo," I said. "You're for all the world like Tondeleyo."

Philippa turned round. "Tondeleyo? What a lovely name! Who is Tondeleyo?"

Here's the winning bid . . .

Have a Coca-Cola

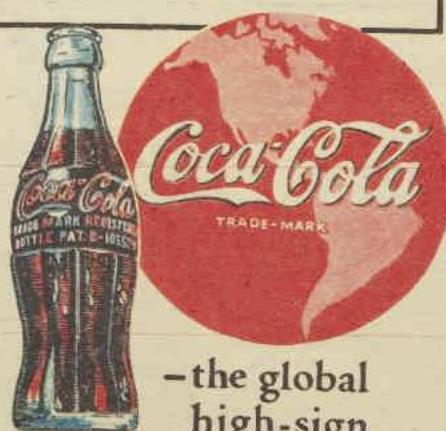


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Britain "At Home" to world for U.N.O. Assembly



MRS. ROOSEVELT, delegate to the General Assembly of U.N.O. in London.



FRENCH Foreign Secretary Georges Bidault brought his bride to London. Picture shows their marriage in December.



CENTRAL HALL, Westminster, where the General Assembly of the United Nations Organisation is meeting.

After that it's bomb damage and prefabricated houses.

Britain may not be able to offer the same lavish hospitality as Americans did at San Francisco, but with traditional British kindness the people are throwing open their homes and their hearts not only to the delegates, but to their hard-working staffs.

The delegates themselves are losing no time in entertaining, and Saudi Arabia's reception at the Savoy, one of the first, was as colorful as it was gay.

There was a real sheikh, His Excellency Sheikh Haifa Wahba, wearing a Savile Row suit under his long, flowing robes. He is as handsome as any film star.

The assortment of colorful delegates included the second of ex-King Ibn Saud's 60 children, H.R.H. the Amir Feisal Ibn Abdul Aziz, Saudi Arabia's Minister for Foreign Affairs, who wore his native dress, a burmous of brown and gold, a galabaya (or nightshirt-like inner garment), and a headress of a white shawl with a band of gold.

Curious names

HE is the only Royal delegate to U.N.O., has a commanding presence and dark, flashing eyes, and, though not as tall as his 6 ft. 6 in. father, towers over most of the other men.

Everyone is waiting for the Russian party, in expectation of caviare and vodka, for it is rumored that Russia's formidable team of 66 delegates brought plenty of supplies in a special plane.

In addition to eleven interpreters who give summaries after each speech in French and English, there is an expert on tongue gymnastics who announces the U.N.O. speakers.

A typical announcement of his is: "Delegate for India, the Honorable Sir A. Ramaswami Diwan Bahadur Mudaliar, will now speak" and having tripped that off smoothly he has to grapple with the pronunciation of the next person, "Delegate for Byelo Russia (Ukraine) Madame Uralova," deciding hastily whether she is "you're-all-over" or "you're-a-lover."

Among the delegates there are a Bozo from Peru, an Angel from



NEW ZEALAND delegate Miss Jean Mackenzie.

Colombia, a Wrang from Canada, a Heywot from Ethiopia.

On the distaff side of the conference there is plenty of charm and personality.

France's Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bidault, brought his bride, while U.S. Senators Arthur Vandenberg and Tom Connally have wives whose inquiring minds have already taken them all over London's East End.

Leon Blum and his splendid wife, who shared his imprisonment in Buchenwald, are together in London, tasting at last the freedom they hope will be permanently ours.

OUR COVER

ROMAN CATHOLIC Archbishop of Sydney and Australia's first cardinal, Dr. Norman Thomas Gilroy is photographed on our cover in his archbishop's ceremonial robes. On his elevation in Rome next month, Archbishop Gilroy will exchange his purple cassock, lace rochet, mozzetta (cape), and biretta (cap) for a cardinal's red robes. He will receive his red cardinal's hat from the Pope and wear it then, the only occasion during his life.

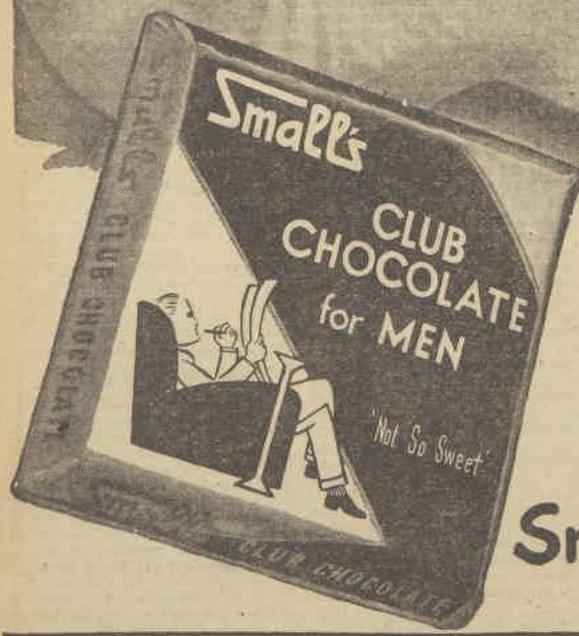


ELLEN WILKINSON, Britain's woman delegate, giving a broadcast. She is Minister for Education in the British Government.

SNAP goes the chocolate that speaks for, itself !



Chocolate experts will tell you that they judge the quality of chocolate by listening for its snap. The louder the snap the better the chocolate. You'll hear Small's Club Chocolate break with the loudest of snaps every time. Because it breaks with the proper, clean brittle snap, Small's Club Chocolate is on its own for Summer eating.

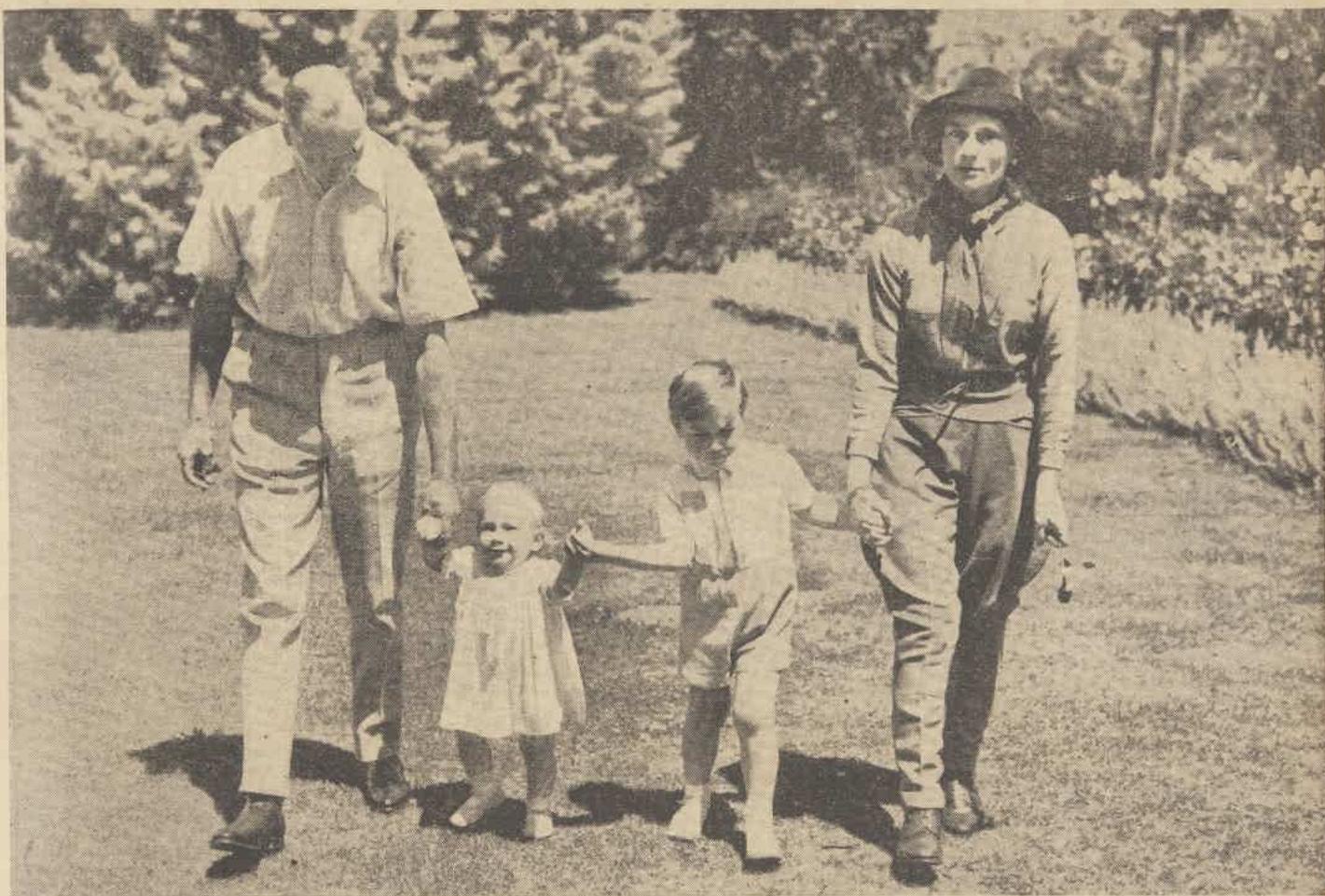


It's a fact! We produced our Small's Club Chocolate especially for men. It's NOT so sweet. That's why we called it "Club" Chocolate. But the girls took one taste. Loved it. Now the men have to share it with the girls.

Small's make great Chocolate

Ask for Small's Club Chocolate in the famous black and white wrapper.

PRINCE RICHARD TAKES HIS FIRST STEP



ROYAL WALK. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Prince William take baby Prince Richard for his first walk in the grounds of Government House, Canberra.



HIS FIRST STEP. The photographer caught Prince Richard as he took his first step alone. He is looking at his parents for approval.



"I'D LIKE to get out of this pram," says the youngest Prince, who has just found his feet. His parents have recently celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary.



PRINCE RICHARD steps out confidently for a toddle on his own in the garden. He is now 15 months old and quite grown up.

Editorial

JANUARY 26, 1946.

HORIZONS OF PEACE

WHILE the United Nations Organisation sits in London, trying to find a formula to make this earth a safe and happy place, world headlines hint at the wide horizons of peace.

An Australian has bought a Halifax bomber in England, intends to fly it home with his wife and two children. Arctic expeditions are being planned. Another attempt is to be made on unconquered Everest.

True, these are not projects within the province of the average man and woman. They cost money. They take time. They are the stuff of dreams.

But mankind needs its dreams. Those who will never see them realised need them as badly as those destined for adventure.

War brought adventure—of a kind. But it was seldom of personal choice. For every one man or woman to whom it gave excitement outside the ordinary scope of their lives, there were thousands to whom it meant misery, frustration, and death.

Just as the bombs flattened the cities of the earth, so they demolished a million castles in the air.

Most of us will spend our lives headed for nothing more thrilling than the 8.30 tram.

But, sitting in our armchairs at home, we like to fancy that we too, given the opportunity, could flip across the world, or scale mountains, or brave blizzards.

What man wants is not only a world free from war, but a world in which he is free to pursue his most adventurous dreams.

That is the kind of world the United Nations Organisation seeks.



GRAYFISH CATALINA CREW take delivery of their live cargo. Mr. Cashin placing crayfish in bag held by (L to R) P/O. Bill Whiting (Rose Bay, N.S.W.), Sgt. Arthur Pollock (Adelaide), P/O. Bob Schumack (Bondi), P/O. Don Clarke (Melbourne), helped by two Hobart girls, Marie and Joyce Foster.

Crayfish Catalina makes pioneer flight from Hobart

By MERTON WOODS

The war gave Australia Bully Beef Bombers and Milk-run Bombing Missions—now meet the Crayfish Catalina!

We are flying out of Hobart in the patrol plane that searched, on the way down from Sydney, for slim, tall-masted cutters reported lost in the Sydney-Hobart yacht race.

NOW—as then—the crew are on watch, but they are not straining their eyes to pick up wisps of sail on the ocean.

They are glancing anxiously at eight bags, eight wriggling bags, containing 160 prime, healthy, and LIVE crayfish destined to Australians.

Soon we will be at Rathmines, main New South Wales base for the Catalinas.

Soon the crayfish will be cooked to a luscious red and served in the Rathmines officers' mess.

We feel like aeronautical adventurers. We are the first to fly a cargo of live crayfish from Hobart to Sydney.

The story of the crayfish is part of the story of quiet, clean, easy-going Hobart.

On Hobart's spacious, pleasant-smelling waterfront, 74-year-old Jim Cashin has the strangest fish market in Australasia.

It is a converted barge, riding gently in a narrow backwater.

At one end is a tiny shack which is home, office, and kitchen for Mr. Cashin.

The rest of the barge is divided into four compartments, each about four feet square and about four feet deep. Each is filled with salt water.

In two, Mr. Cashin keeps his live crayas. In the others he keeps live fish. The crayas clamber on top of each other, forming motionless groups which, at a quick glance, resemble a dullish-red formation of

coral, or some extravagance of marine growth.

In the fish tanks, flathead lie indolently on the bottom, while handsome salmon-trout and plump Tasmanian trumpeter swim about.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart, seeking a fresh cray or fresh fish for dinner, call and point out their selection to Mr. Cashin.

He catches fish and crayas with a long-handled net. The fish are killed and cleaned on the spot. They are wrapped and ready to take away a few minutes after being produced.

Some customers like to take their crayfish home alive and cook it themselves. The majority prefer Mr. Cashin to do the cooking, and he does it within 20 minutes.

First he drowns the crayfish by immersing them in fresh water. (As salt-water crustaceans they cannot breathe in fresh water.)

Then he drops them six at a time into boiling salt water in an old-fashioned, smoke-blackened pot on a tiny wood-burning stove in one corner of his kitchen-office-home at the far end of the barge.

He boils the crayfish for 15 minutes, cools them with salt water and then they are ready to be eaten. (Price is 2/- each.)

He pays £2 a year rent to the Hobart Marine Board for the right to keep his barge at the waterfront.

He sleeps on a folding stretcher alongside his little stove because, he says, someone has to watch over his fish and crayas at night.

Mr. Cashin says the story that crayfish (or lobster) are cooked by

being dropped alive into boiling water is an old woman's tale.

If they are dropped alive into boiling water, he says, their legs drop off, water penetrates their shells, and their flavor is spoiled.

Mr. Cashin's business is probably the best paying in Australia in relation to its overhead.

He started his business 12 years ago when the depression "broke" him and compelled him to close his fish market and cafe upstairs in Hobart.

"I lost my life savings when I closed up my shop," he said. "It was a bit hard starting off from scratch again at 62, but I've made more out of this barge than I ever did out of a cafe proprietor."

Hobart is blessed at this time of year with an inexhaustible supply of fish and crayas.

Because of this, Mr. Cashin was completely nonchalant when Flying-Officer Don Clarke, of Melbourne, messng officer at Rathmines (a passenger on our Catalina) asked for 15 dozen crayfish.

"Get you as many dozen as you want!" was Mr. Cashin's confident reply.

Cashin guaranteed that the crayfish would not only stay alive for the day-long flight to Sydney, but for the next two days as well.

Cooked crayas could not be taken because our Catalina had to stop at Melbourne to refuel.

They would have kept on a direct Hobart-Sydney flight, but would have deteriorated in the heat of the plane during refuelling.

In recent weeks, Catalinas flying direct from Hobart to Rathmines have brought back cargoes of cooked crayfish, but the honor of first sharing a Catalina's bluster gun turrets with bagsfuls of razor-clawed life and fight is all ours.

Maybe this really is a pioneer flight. Maybe a few years from now, or even less, plane loads of live crayfish will be flown daily from Hobart to Sydney.

Maybe, too, for sale (cooked) in Sydney at 2/- each!

Interesting People



MR. W. FORSYTH
... official in Tokio

AUSTRALIAN Government representative in Japan is Mr. W. Forsyth of Department of External Affairs. When his work in Tokio is completed will return to his post as head of Pacific Relations Division of External Affairs Department, Canberra. Was one of Pacific Relations experts with Australian delegation at San Francisco Conference.



MISS LILIAN ARMFIELD
... King's Police Medal

THIRTY years' distinguished service with N.S.W. Police Force brings award of the King's Police Medal in New Year Honors to Sergeant Lilian Armfield, chief of N.S.W. women police, and only 1st class woman police sergeant in Australia. Formerly a nurse, Miss Armfield was one of first two policewomen appointed in N.S.W.



MR. W. H. NELSON
... Melbourne zoo post

BIG game hunter Mr. W. H. Nelson, of Melbourne, is newly appointed manager and secretary, Melbourne Zoological Gardens. A former British Colonial Administrator in Uganda, Africa, he was host to Duke of Windsor in big game hunting expedition. Also led expedition which filmed native life and game in West Nile, Uganda. Is graduate of Melbourne and Cambridge Universities and British Colonial Office.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 25 to 36.
SUGAR: 11 to 18.
BUTTER: 25 to 27 (to Feb. 10).
MEAT: Black, 57 to 60; red and green, 68 and 67 (available till Feb. 10). (On Jan. 28, black 51 to 62; red and green, 65 and 71, will also become valid.)
CLOTHING: Y1-56, ZST-112.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

MOVEMENTS in the planetary system now make important changes, for better or for worse, in the lives of many people.

The sun moves on January 21, Syzygy time, into the progressive, scientific sign, Aquarius. This is bad news for Leonians, for whom it predicts losses or partings of some kind. For Taurians and Scorpions it brings difficulties and upsets.

They must live cautiously and patiently.

For Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians the planetary changeover betokens opportunities, changes, and general good fortune.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological diary for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 19): Jan. 23 afternoon and 24 (earliest) helpful. This group should find many benefits materialising from well-laid "plans".

TAURUS (April 21 to May 19): Beware 22 (after 9 a.m.) and 23 (dusk), now. Especially on Jan. 23, 26, 27, and 28. Difficulties predominating keep to routine tasks.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 20): Plan ahead. Improved fortunes likely. Utilise Jan. 23 (after 9 a.m.) and 24. Jan. 25 adverse round midday, but forenoon and afternoon good.

CANCER (June 21 to July 22): Jan. 23, 24, and 25 (dusk) difficult. Jan. 22, 23, and 24 very helpful. Jan. 26 and 28 (earliest midday) fair.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Pitfalls await 19 (earliest midday) no way. Avoid arguments, partings, losses, opposition, changes, etc., especially on Jan. 23, 25, and 26. Routine tasks strongly advised.

VIRGO (Aug. 25 to Sept. 23): Jan. 22, 23, and 24 (dusk) helpful in minor affairs. Also Jan. 25 (morning and evening), and 26, 27, 28, 29 (most).

LIBRA (Sept. 24 to Oct. 22): Jan. 22, 23, 24, and 25 very good. Jan. 26, 27, 28, 29 except foristry good, too.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 to Nov. 21): A time for caution: routine tasks safe. Especially 22 (midday) and 23 (dusk). Changes to midday and 26, Jan. 22 and 23 descriptively helpful. Avoid changes, discord now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 20): Good news if you work hard. Jan. 22 (dusk), 23 (morning) good; 24 fair, 25 fair. Jan. 27, 28, and 29 (except forenoon) all good.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 19): A period of perplexity, but bring some confirmation. Jan. 22 (dusk), 23 (morning and late evening), 24 (after 4 p.m.), and 25 (except forenoon) all helpful. Jan. 26 poor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18): A peculiar week with big opportunities and annoyances too. Jan. 22 (fair to 4 p.m.), 23 very good (to midday); then fair, 24 good, in adverse (to 9 a.m.), 25 and 26 (dusk) fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.J.

The Returning

I SHALL return when wattle blossom quivers
In golden drifts along the river-side,
When scent of gums and orange blossoms mingle,
When Springtime walks again the Great Divide.

I shall return when Summer in the ranges
Lifts up her flaming torches to the sky,
When far and wide the plains are russet-golden
With yield of precious grain, when wells are dry.

I shall return when tawny-headed Autumn
Gathers the scarlet vine leaves for his crown;
I shall return when Winter from his snow-drifts
Seizes free the mountain torrents rushing down.

I shall return to bush and farm and river,
The sights and places loved of yesteryear;
You may not see me, but of this be certain,
I shall return, and you will know, my dear.

—JOAN SMITH.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, appalled
by the many cruelties of
PRINCE PAULO: Ruler of the country of Dementor, rescue his captives,
DORMUS: A handsome young singer, and
SYBIL-LOUISA: A beautiful girl whom Paulo intended to marry. Paulo is infuriated at Mandrake's interference; but every time he

tries to destroy Mandrake, the magician tricks him with hypnotic gestures. Mandrake discovers that Sybil-Louisa's father,
MARLOCK: Is the rightful ruler of Dementor, and decides to convince Paulo that he must abdicate. Paulo will not confess his guilt. Instead, he wants civil war because he may win again. Mandrake gestures and makes accusing fingers point at the usurper, but still he will not abdicate. NOW READ ON.



MANDRAKE RETURNS TO PAULO



LATER



NEXT WEEK NEW ADVENTURE

Ace tennis players in the limelight

Veteran and new star in first big peacetime matches

Headliners in the first peacetime Australian Tennis Championship matches to be played at Adelaide this week are one tennis star making a comeback and another rising to fame.

Australian women's champion Nancye Wynne Bolton is defending the title she won at the last Australian championship matches, held in Sydney early in 1940, and New South Wales men's champion Dinn Pails is out to gain fresh laurels.

NANCY WYNNE BOLTON returns to the competitive field after five years' retirement, at the top of her form and more graceful than ever.

But tennis plays only second fiddle in her life now. Blue-eyed, fair, curly-haired daughter Pam has first place.

"I still like to win at tennis," Nancye admits with a smile, "but my game no longer worries me as it did."

"I've reached the stage when I can't be bothered being disappointed when I don't succeed. This attitude seems to have improved my game—and my temperament," she confided with a grin.

"Once upon a time I suffered a lot from temperament, and was always furious with myself if I played a bad stroke or losing match."

The champion's apparent casualness about her game now has not been developed as a new success technique.

It is simply that success is not nearly as important to her as it was.

Success is rather meaningless without loved ones to share it, and she has lost her mother, father, and husband in the last few years.

Returning home after playing in Britain and America in 1938, with conquests which included beating Chilean Señorita Anita Lizana, then ranked as the world's No. 1 woman tennis player, Nancye's homecoming was marred by the fact that her mother had died while she was abroad.

The next sadness was her father's death in 1940.

But 1949 also brought her great happiness. That year she married Peter Bolton, son of Mr and Mrs. F. Bolton, of Corowa, N.S.W.

They had been sweethearts from

the time Nancye started her first job with a Melbourne sporting firm Peter, young, fair-haired, and blue-eyed, had joined the same firm.

They were married in Melbourne on July 6, 1940.

Earlier that day Peter enlisted in the R.A.A.F.

He sailed for overseas the following year just after he had spent six days' final leave in the attractive hill-top home he and Nancye had designed and built at Baiwyn, Victoria.

Nancye had only just moved in. The curtains were not up, and the garden was just a fragment of their imagination.

But for six days it spelt heaven.

Peter never returned to know his daughter Pam, born three months after he left.

He was posted missing soon after his arrival in England, after taking part in the first 1000-bomber raid over Cologne.

Both gardeners

There are smiling pictures of him in almost every room.

About the house are charmingly arranged bowls of flowers from the picturesque garden—now very much a reality and all done by Nancye.

She grows vegetables as well as flowers, and has a flourishing array of them neatly inset in cement borders made by herself.

Pam, unspoiled by her adoring but practical mother, and extremely independent, lends a hand, too, with her own miniature gardening outfit.

Pam, of course, is not yet old enough to show any sign of following in her footsteps as a tennis player.

But already she has a racquet ingeniously devised by her mother from the round frame of an old gravy-strainer laced with string.



FOUR-YEAR-OLD daughter Pamela is main interest these days of Australian women's tennis champion Nancye Wynne Bolton, and they both adore their terraced spots.

It was not until Nancye Wynne was about 12 that she took up tennis, playing with her father on a neighbour's court at Mentone, Victoria.

She won the Victorian State School Championship in 1933, the under 16 girls' singles and doubles championship, playing with Dorothy Stevenson.

She has won the women's singles championship of Australia several times, and has had similar success in the doubles, playing with Thelma Coyne or Mrs. Harry Hopman.

Going abroad in 1938 with the Australian women's team, she collected runner-up singles and doubles laurels for Australia in Britain, America, and Holland.

Tennis has brought romance as well as fame to Dinn Pails, who is rising steadily to tennis stardom, and has reached Davis Cup standard, for it was playing tennis he met his future wife.

Dinn's best friend, Charlie Sam, secretary of the Western Suburbs Hardcourt Tennis Association, Sydney, asked him if he would play in the Association's 1941 mixed doubles championship.

"What about that dark-haired girl from the Glencoe Club as your partner?" said Charlie.

Dinn thought it over. Later he mentioned to his father he thought of playing in the mixed doubles.

"Who with?" said his father.

"Don't know," said Dinn.

"What about the dark-haired girl from the Glencoe Club?" asked Mr. Pails.

Neither of the men knew the other was giving Dinn this advice. He acted upon it, and so played with Mavis Rose.

That was the beginning of a courtship that ended with the proposal of marriage at the kitchen sink in Mavis' home.

"Such an unromantic spot," said Mrs. Pails, "but what does that matter?"

Mrs. Pails is herself an A Grade player, but she is only too happy to stay in the background while Dinn scales the heights.

"One star in the family is strenuous enough," she said.

At 25 years of age, Dinn holds the three major New South Wales tennis titles. He is State champion and winner of the County of Cumberland and Metropolitan singles championships.

His name is already a household word in Australia, and experts expect great things of him against the world's best players.

Anyone watching Dinn play competitive tennis is impressed with his beautiful court manners, quite apart from his brilliant play.

Those manners are not merely acquired to create an effect. They are natural because they come from a lifetime of training.

Dinn's father, Mr. R. W. Pails, Enfield, Sydney, is a keen sportsman, and has always shown his son the right way to lose.

From the first, when Dinn came home after a defeat he was greeted, not with condolences, but with the question:

"Well, what did you learn from his play, son?"

"Just that I was not good enough," came the answer, and seriously-minded Dinn would settle down to a long think and discussion on how to improve certain shots.

Parents helped

WHEN my folks saw I was dead serious about tennis they made it possible for me to have the best coaches. It has always been like that with them.

"A fellow never forgets all the little things he owes his parents. Right from the time he is a little nipper they help him.

"If I make good I won't forget them."

"They were so keen on my marriage. Did everything to help it."

"Take Mum, for instance. I used to take her to the pictures a good bit, and when I started courting



CHAMPION Nancye Wynne Bolton stretches for a difficult overhead shot.

Mavis, and Mum mused out on her pictures, she never said a word. Must have meant a lot to her, too."

Sturdy, thick-set, and of medium height, Dinn has splendid health. He needs little physical training.

He used to suffer from cramp in his legs, but like everything else he thought this out, and decided on what has proved a good cure.

He runs for three-quarters of an hour every morning around a golf course near his home at West Concord, N.S.W. In this way he has strengthened the muscles until cramp is only a bad memory.

There is nothing haphazard about his steady rise to championship tennis. He works to a system, setting himself the task of facing one player after another, until at last he is able to beat them.

He has approached his marriage in the same thoughtful spirit.

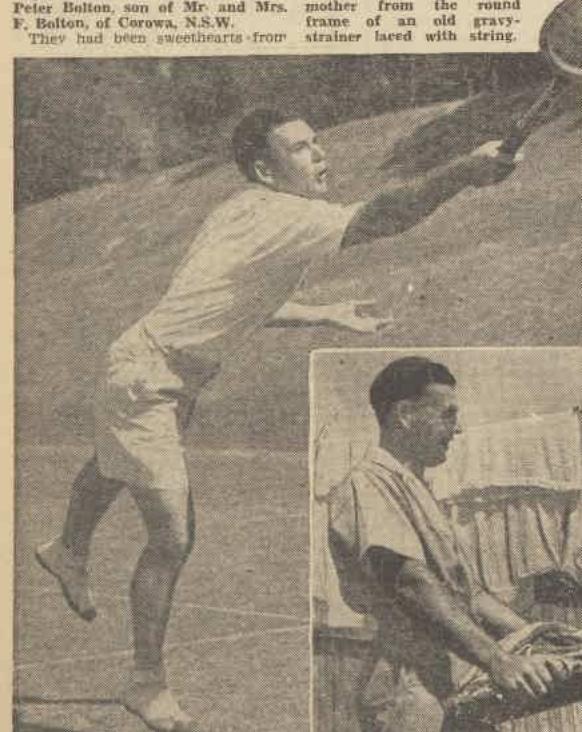
"Mavis comes on all the interstate trips with me now. We have just been to Melbourne and she is coming to Adelaide, and maybe later there will be a chance of going to Perth and Hobart."

"I figure it out like this, that if she shares all the thrills now, later on when we start our family she will be quite happy to be at home."

During the war Dinn worked 12-hour shifts in an aircraft factory and tennis dropped far into the background.

Dinn started playing tennis when he was 10 years old; but not until he was 14 did he take it at all seriously. In 1938, when 15 years of age, he won the N.S.W. State Schools boys' championship.

The following year he gave the tennis playing world its first shock about his game when he gave Harry Hopman a good fight in the Australian singles championship.



BACKHAND was weakest stroke of Dinn Pails; but he has strengthened it by trying many grips until he found the right one.



TENNIS SHIRTS need constant washing in the Pails household. Dinn lends a hand while his wife pegs them out. He uses three shirts in every five-set match. Mrs. Pails likes to launder them herself.



PRESS CUTTING book amuses as well as interests Dinn and his wife. Cuttings recording Dinn's exploits were only pasted up recently.

YOUNG ABORIGINES LISTEN-IN TO LESSONS

AT Canberra this week, a conference on "Radio in Education" is being held under the direction of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. It is the first conference of its kind in the British Empire.

One subject under discussion is "Kindergarten of the Air," one of the A.B.C.'s most successful ventures into radio education.

The pictures on this page were taken at the New Norcia Mission in Western Australia, where Spanish priests and nuns care for aboriginal and half-caste children, who are among the most enthusiastic listeners to this novel morning session.

It is estimated that 100,000 children listen to the session, which was primarily intended for children in the country beyond the range of kindergartens.

Kindergarten of the Air was begun in Western Australia in 1942, when children were evacuated to the country in the fear of Japanese invasion.

It covers health habits, music, literature, speech training, nature study, creative activities, and games.

It has created such interest overseas that the A.B.C. has received requests for recordings from the BBC and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Records have also been requested for demonstrations in American schools.



INTENT on the broadcast of Kindergarten of the Air is one of the aboriginal pupils at the New Norcia Spanish Mission in W.A. The session is broadcast every morning at 9.30.



CHILDREN at the mission were so stirred by the musical section of Kindergarten of the Air that they decided to form their own band. Four trumpeters play the National Anthem each morning. Children like best the music in the session.



RADIO TABLE is set up in the mission grounds. Recently a Saturday session was begun in answer to thousands of requests.



OUTDOOR class of girls at the mission listens with smiling appreciation to the kindergarten broadcast. The priests and nuns also use the school broadcasts extensively for the children's education. Often, however, they do not understand some words, and they are later explained by the teachers.



LORD ABBOT with Dr. Keith Barry, of A.B.C., who inspected schools in W.A. with Youth Education Supervisor, Miss K. Kinnane.

Continuing . . . Lightly And Brightly

from page 5

SLOWLY and reluctantly, Chris swept through the small foyer and into the dance hall. She suffered herself to be led to a desirable table, pausing en route to greet only the most celebrated of the current celebrities.

She was surprised at herself. She was appalled at this flamboyant conduct.

When at last she was seated, it was to meet Alec's lavishly admiring gaze. He wagged his head in wonder and said softly, "Sweetheart, you're a card."

Chris could not imagine—she simply could not think—what she had ever found in him that was attractive.

She began to plot against him in earnest. He would, at the very least, have to ask her to dance. And while they were dancing she would find out what was going on in his disengaged brain.

Almost instantly Alec asked, with the most devastating and indifferent courtesy, "Would you care to dance?"

They had nearly circled the floor before Chris felt that her voice was strong enough to be used in public. "By the way," she murmured, lightly but with a caution which she hoped was invisible to his naked eye, "I have neglected to ask where you go from here."

"The possibilities are world-wide, aren't they?"

"You mean you don't know where you're to be stationed?"

He produced another of the shrugs that had apparently become, since she last saw him, habitual. "We seldom know."

Then again the initiative was jerked from her flaccid and frantic fingers. "What about you—you're successful already, Chris?" Alec demanded brusquely.

"No," she returned with what cool-

ness she could manage. "No, not completely." Then an impulse toward honesty, just unreasonable under the circumstances, made her add, "But I will be one day soon. I have the few requirements of my job. And I'm willing to work at it."

"That's what I thought," Alec said and the music conspired with him. It ended on a note of crashing finality.

Back at the table he sank into his chair with the air of a man who means never to move again if he can possibly help it. He said firmly, "Now run along, children, to your fun. Uncle Alec's got to rest," and Chris found herself being waited about on the dance floor, in the shelter of Bob's tenderly enveloping arms.

"Whatever," she snapped bitterly, "happened to Alec? General deterioration?"

"Uh-uhm," Bob said into her hair. "Where do you expect to be stationed next?" she inquired casually—and craftily.

"I haven't been assigned yet."

"And—Alec?"

"If he knows he hasn't told me."

Chris decided to let the matter drop.

They were interrupted in their dance by two important radio executives, and while listening to their fulsome greetings she allowed her gaze to wander in leisurely triumph to Alec's seat at a nearby table. Alec was fingering a full glass and smiling at an adjacent blonde. Chris promptly lost interest in the man about her.

They arrived home at approximately 1 a.m., and for several minutes thereafter Chris occupied herself with a cigarette, a vigor-

ously wielded hairbrush and an identifiable discontent. She did not consciously come to a decision, but she ultimately discovered that her dinner dress had been changed, not for the sternly tailored dressing-gown she usually wore, but for a fussier and glamorous negligee.

She further discovered that the telephone was in her hand, she had rung Alec's room, and was saying crisply, "I'd like to see you for a moment, Alec. Would you come up, please?"

Alec said, "I'm asleep."

Even over the phone she could hear Bob's remote but eager voice announcing, "I'm not—"

She said, "I'm on the eighth floor, Flat 802," and hung up.

ALEC arrived, and it was evident that he had not been even approaching sleep. His uniform had not been tampered with and his expression was noticeably alert.

He wandered through the living-room of her flat, peered into the bedroom and scanned the kitchen.

"Very fashionable," he said finally. "But mauve was never my color. Makes me look acid."

The decorator assured me it was such a tender shade."

"I'll bet the decorator was, too." He pointed a critical finger. "I could never have cared for that chair. Too squishy."

"The decorator pointed out," Chris lied helplessly, "that it was big enough for two."

She had meant, all along, to men-

tion their past, to bring it sharply to his mind. Now she mentioned it because it was suddenly so clear in her own mind, because her sense of loss was so sweetly sad.

"Do you remember the chair in my old flat?"

"Vividly. Although the kinks are beginning to come out of my joints."

"It was," she reminded him earnestly, "big enough for two. That grim little flat. And being test-takers and vegetarians mostly, because we couldn't afford anything else."

"Good for us," Alec said.

"We were a classic pair," Chris mused, half to herself, both mockingly and tenderly. "The ambitious actress, the brilliant but as yet unrewarded young newspaperman. And so terribly in love."

"We were the plot," Alec said, "of a bad movie."

She was doing everything she had planned to do, but not for the same reasons. She moved closer to him now, but for no flaunting or prideful purpose. She went to him because she felt bewilderingly lonely and forlorn.

"What happened to us, Alec? What was it that happened to us?"

He said, "The emotional mistake is quite common, I understand."

It was like a stinging slap across the face, for which no slap in return could possibly compensate.

Then, as the last straw, Alec was saying, "May I go now?"

At the door he turned and added, in quite a friendly fashion, "You ought to get to bed, Chris. You'll catch cold in that thing you're wearing."

Probably she had suspected it all through the uneasy night, but it was at breakfast that her plight became thoroughly clear.

Bob phoned to ask, "Have you a kitchen in that flat to which you never invite me?"

"Of course."

"We'll be right up."

Actually, it was about half an hour before he arrived, laden with dainties, and followed by Alec, who was laden only with a newspaper; but in the meantime, Chris had managed to whip up a fairly creditable breakfast of her own. Bob was enchanted with this newly discovered skill of hers but Alec's reaction was more difficult to judge.

They sat at a pleasant sun-marked table, and Bob's glowing eyes delighted in her, and his voice paid constant, expert tribute. And Chris' heart—quietly, hopelessly, and permanently—broke. Bob looked at her adoringly, and Alec looked at the paper—and for Chris it all had the sudden clarity of a good sharp pain.

Now she knew that she loved Alec. She had never stopped loving him, she had only been without him for a time. It was not that love had been gone from her; it was that the exigencies of a new and difficult life had been confusingly present.

Her mind came up with this awful, unavoidable realisation just in time to hear Bob finish what had apparently been a lengthy and joyous speech. "—and after the war we'll travel. You shall not only see the world, but luckily, the world shall see you. You can do more than a thousand economic agreements or a million vitamin pills. One look at you and presto—nations are rebuilt!"

Alec put down his paper and remarked simply, "You're making me sick." Then he turned on Chris' eyes which she could not meet. "This is our last afternoon," he reminded her. "What shall we do with it?"

Chris said, "The Moores invited us to their home to-day. What about that?"

Bob said, "Activities are irrelevant I am content," and Chris smiled on him gratefully. She wondered bleakly what she would have done without him. His character might be discernibly fragile, but he was charming, attractive, and attentive.

They went to the Moore party, and she decided, soon after their arrival, that it had been a wise choice. This modest establishment of several acres of ivy-covered lawns and lush gardens was as crowded as she could have desired, and Don Moore himself could be depended upon to keep things properly violent,

had swept them all towards the tennis courts, and Chris found herself partnering Bob. But after a few drowsy hits of the ball she gave up. She saw Alec going toward the main verandah where guests were lounging comfortably.

"I'll sit here, Bob, while you get a cool drink," she said, stopping short, and almost stumbled into a garden seat. By this time Don Moore had spotted her.

Don had a single-track mind, made more direct by a constant sampling of his own alcoholic wares. "You've been avoiding me," he told Chris. "You probably don't like me, which is silly."

Over his slightly unsteady shoulder, Chris could see Bob's approach. Bob held out a tall iced glass to her and remarked amiably to Don, "This is quite a hut you have here."

Don said, "Don't bother us. We're about to embark on a great adventure." His arms slid round Chris with practised ease, as if they ran in a groove.

"Now wait a minute—" Bob began.

"Don't bother us," Don repeated happily. He didn't progress very far. One of Bob's hands spun him round, and the other forcefully contacted his chin, sending him sprawling to the ground.

Close by her, Chris heard a third and familiar voice mutter grimly, "That does it," and then she was propelled into motion. She was pushed from the terrace, round one corner of the house and into the garden, where she was roughly whirled about and plastered against someone's chest.

Alec's voice said, "Darling—dearest. If you ever do that to me again I'll break your pretty head."

"But—what did I do?"

With his cheek hard against her hair, Alec muttered, "You let someone else take care of you, didn't you?" Then he held her away from him and glared furiously into her face. "Listen," he rasped, "I've taken everything you've given me this week-end. The way you looked last night. The ring, and the way you smirked at Bob. Haven't I?"

Wonderingly, Chris had to admit that he had.

"But at protection I draw the line. Protecting you is the job of the man who loves you—my job, and mine alone."

"Assuming," Chris murmured, "that you still do, then why—"

He was silent a moment. Then, plainly forcing himself, he said, "Because I have my new assignment."

Chris tried to look into his eyes, but he avoided her, pulling her close again. His chin resting on top of her head, he sighed wearily, like a man who has fought a good fight and been inexplicably robbed of the victory.

"They've made me an entertainment commando," he said bleakly. "After this leave I'm to be liaison man between camp shows and lady entertainers. I thought that was all the cutting down I could take, without being married to one of them, too. But," his arms tightened round her and his voice was warm again, "it doesn't seem to matter now."

It didn't matter now. Or ever.

(Copyright)



"I don't know whether he's backward or precocious; yesterday he wrote a note asking when he'd start walking."

Rita Hayworth

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Columbia star now appearing in
"To-night and Every Night"

RITA HAYWORTH IS RIGHT
BILL SAYS MY SKIN HAS
A LOVELY FILM STAR LOOK
AND I'VE USED LUX TOILET
SOAP ONLY A SHORT WHILE

The bath and complexion care of
9 out of every 10 Film Stars

A LEVER PRODUCT

LUX TOILET SOAP

Man wants pots, pans improved

AS a man making acquaintance for the first time with kitchen utensils, I would like to know why housewives put up with them without complaint.

I refer particularly to pans and dishes in daily use. Pans have handles designed as dirt traps. These in turn are riveted to the pans, making further places for dirt to gather, and defy all efforts at cleaning.

The bottoms of pans and dishes are sharp-cornered. This necessitates the use of a knife or stick to clean them.

It would cost little more to streamline them, and what a saving in time and temper!

5/- to B. A. Giles, 56 Clinton St., Orange, N.S.W.

What's on your mind?

Buy clothes at schools

ARRANGEMENTS could be made for parents to buy their children's clothes through the schools. This would save mothers going to shop after shop. It would also ensure reasonable prices for good-quality garments.

5/- to G. Treasure, Box 90, Gladstone, Qld.

Choose something pretty

IN spite of the high cost of clothing pointed out by Mrs. H. Watson (29/12/45), I think ex-service women should try to buy at least one very pretty frock.

When a woman slips off her uniform for the last time, she slips off a busy, efficient life in the service of her country.

She longs to express her feminine

READERS are invited to write to this column on current events. Address your letter to the editor, and enclose 25 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. Your letter must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

PERSONALITY again. Dressed in a pretty frock, she will develop all sorts of charm she did not know she possessed.

5/- to "Bonkia Bean," Box 7, P.O. Camberwell, Vic.

Youth values possessions too much

I WAS amazed at the value set upon the possession of a household of showy furniture by Christina Ericson, in The Australian Women's Weekly (5/1/46) article about home building difficulties of prospective brides.

Imagine the pioneer brides of Australia postponing marriage until a dream house was built and filled with shoddy furniture!

I remember, as a child, visiting a bush bride in her two-roomed home, built by her husband. The furniture in the sitting-room consisted of a home-made table, two stools, and a dresser of kerosene cases.

Home-making seems to be a forgotten art with modern young couples.

5/- to Miss L. Stevens, 37 Enmore Rd., Newtown, N.S.W.

Out of place

WHAT an ugly custom it is to cut wedding cake with the bridegroom's sword!

I even read recently of a Japanese sword being used for this purpose.

Surely on an occasion when all is joy and harmony, a lethal weapon is out of place.

5/- to Mrs. J. Krings, 5 Ellery Pde, Seaforth, N.S.W.

Start young

SHORTHAND should be taught to children as soon as they begin school.

If this were done, they would be well grounded in this subject instead of having to start learning it in secondary school.

5/- to Betty Geaney, Callide St., Biloela, Qld.

Skeins are a trouble

IT would be a good idea if all wool were done up in balls instead of skeins before being sold. Much time is wasted in rolling it.



Baby's wool is rolled in balls, so why not all wool?

5/- to Mrs. L. J. Tierney, Jindabyne, N.S.W.

To cure homesickness

MANY people during the war years left their home State to work in a different part of the Commonwealth.

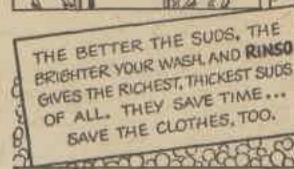
They get little news of the State they have left, so I suggest broadcast stations devote certain time each week to a session, "News From Your Home State." Perhaps each State could be allotted ten minutes.

Alternatively, perhaps, periods could be allotted to each State through the week.

It would help a lot of us to get over our feeling of homesickness.

5/- to Mrs. R. H. Evans, Main Rd., Clare, S.A.

**Sister, you
should be spanked
for scrubbing
clothes
these days!**



APTER a moment's thoughtful silence, the inspector went on, "Now, what do you know about Mr. Anthony Browne, Lady Alexandra?"

"I really know nothing at all. I have met him occasionally, and that is all."

"What about you, Mr. Parraday?" "I think I probably know less about Browne than my wife does. She, at any rate, has danced with him. He seems a likable chap-American, I believe."

"Would you say, from observation at the time, that he was on special terms of intimacy with Mrs. Barton?"

Stephen frowned. "They were friendly, that is all I can say." "And you, Lady Alexandra?"

"I did form the impression that they knew each other well, and were on intimate terms. Simply, you understand, from the way they looked at each other. I have no concrete evidence."

"Ladies have often very good judgment on these matters," said Kemp. The somewhat famous smile with which he delivered this remark would have amused Colonel Race if he had been present. "Now what about Miss Lessing, Lady Alexandra?"

Miss Lessing, I understand, was Mr. Barton's secretary. I met her for the first time on the evening that Mrs. Barton died. After that, I met her once when she was staying down in the country, and last night."

"Did you form the impression that she was in love with George Barton?"

"I really haven't the least idea." "Then we'll come to the events of last night."

He questioned both Stephen and his wife minutely on the course of the tragic evening. He had not hoped for much from this, and all he got was confirmation of what he had already been told.

The only item that the Chief Inspector could count as an addition to his knowledge was Sandra's account of her conversation with George at Pairhaven, and his plea that she and her husband would collaborate with him over this party for Iris' sake.

TODAY'S LESSON

HOW TO CLEAN POTS AND PANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING! USE MONKEY BRAND - THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE



Please turn to page 28



FAMILY PARTY at Romano's when Linda Varley announces her engagement to Lieutenant Neville ("Bill") Douglas, ex-P.O.W. Linda is only daughter of late Brigadier A. L. Varley, M.C., and Mrs. Varley, Inverell. In group, from left: Mrs. L. S. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Cadden, Maureen Dobbs, Lieutenant John Varley, M.C., ex-P.O.W., Linda and Bill, Mrs. Varley, and Mr. Douglas.

Intimate, Greetings

MY mail brings me news this week of Mary Tully, who was Mary Kingsford Smith, and her mother, Mrs. A. Powell. Mary and Mrs. Powell have been spending a week in New York, and I believe Mary's hair is now quite grey—following the latest American style.

Some people are having their hair bleached to assume the distinguished appearance. Am told Mary looks very sweet and dresses beautifully, after lots of new American models.

Her home is in Atlanta, Georgia, and young Charles Kingsford Smith is attending a military academy, and is quite the young American now.

REVELLING in our summer heat are Eddie McLeod and Margaret Duncan, who have just arrived in Australia from England to take up interesting jobs with the Day Nursery Association.

Miss McLeod will be vice-principal of Day Nursery training and organizer of nursery schools in Sydney for the association, while Miss Duncan has taken the position of superintendent of the association's training college, Newtown.

"I've always wanted to visit Australia," says Miss McLeod when I met her doing a spot of shopping in town. Both are enthralled at the amount of things to buy in Sydney, and have been indulging in a shopping splurge, as well as sending home food parcels to their families in England.

FASHION prize of the week goes to pretty blonde Phyllis Minnelli for her novel real flower hat — pale pink hibiscus pinned in her hair and looking for all the world like a French model.

Also eye-catching was Mrs. John Pavilli lunching in town prior to an afternoon's shopping in her white sharkskin suit and coolie biscuit-colored hat trimmed with tassels.

SEASIDE home at Collaroy for Harry and Mona Dearth and their two young children, Harriet and Henry Alan. Harry, who is well-known radio personality, has been in uniform for the past four years and is back on the job and looking forward to broadcasting again.

GAY farewells as Sergeant and Mrs. Eric Osborne leave their wedding reception by car for Bowral after their marriage at Methodist Church, Manly. Bride formerly Muriel Boyd, daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Armstrong Boyd and Mrs. E. Boyd, of Balgowlah.



NEWLYWEDS. John Gibbons, ex-A.I.F. and P.O.W., and his bride, formerly Phyllis Greenwood, who were recently wed. Couple have now taken flat at North Sydney.

LUNCHEON AT PRINCE'S FOR SIX. Barbara Rogers (left) and her sister, Beverly Rogers, lunch with Malti Sakseena, Dell McErhan, Janet Plousman, and Euite Sakseena. Malti and Euite are daughters of the Indian Trade Commissioner, Mr. R. Sakseena, and Mrs. Sakseena, of Mosman.

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LOVELY solitaire diamond set in platinum worn by Betty Matthews, of Roseville, is gift from her fiance, D.F.C. winner Neville Page, who recently received his discharge from R.A.A.P. after three years in England. Betty is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Matthews, of Roseville, and Neville is second son of late Mr. H. M. Page, of Goulburn, and of Mrs. E. A. Page, of Dulwich Hill.

WEEK of romance and I'm kept running to keep up with all the wedding news. Cyril McCosker, ex-P.O.W. in Italy, who escaped with the help of the Partisans, marries pretty Marie Pyle, of Randwick, at St. Bridget's, Coogee. Cyril's brother, Keven, who has just returned from overseas with the R.A.A.F., and Sergeant Tom Carmody, R.A.A.F., are best man and groomsman, while Marie's sister, Beth, and Jill Tucker are bridesmaids.

BACK from their honeymoon at Rockhampton, Queensland, are Private Walter McVay, A.I.F. ex-P.O.W., and his bride, formerly Florence Sharpe. Couple recently wed at St. Philip's, Auburn.



BLOWING OUT THE CANDLES. Mrs. James Watts, wife of Lieutenant James Watts, U.S. Air Corps, at her birthday and wedding anniversary party arranged by her husband in America. Her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Lawson Smith (left), flew from Perth. Lieutenant G. Rosalie, R.N. (right).

FRIENDS motor up to Sutton Forest for quiet wedding ceremony when William Woodward marries Marjorie Allen. Marjorie's cousin, Mrs. Harold Buckland, Mr. Buckland, and Doris Buckland are among those who attend ceremony. Couple will live at Sutton Forest, where the bride used to live a few years ago.

RUN into Gwen Davis, of Boorowa,

as she is doing the last minute

trousseau shopping for her wedding to Mervyn Spencer, of Binalong,

which takes place at St. Luke's Church, Concord. Thora Sligar (Boorowa) and June Donnelly (Bathurst) attend bride and Gwen's brother, Jeff Davis, ex-A.I.F., and Bert Spencer (Binalong) attend bridegroom.

• • •

LOTS of gaiety at party at Rooperville when Dick and Pauline Allen arrive with group of friends late in the evening. Looking particularly charming were Audrie Winter Irving and Jocelyn Anderson.

SERVICE interest when Deidre Geddes, ex-A.W.A.S., and Corporal Kevin Gleeson, A.I.F., marry at St. Michael's Church, Lane Cove. Bridegroom's sister, Mrs. H. Cuack, is matron of honor, and bride's cousin, Nellie Colle, is bridesmaid. Best man Sergeant Jim Spencer, A.I.F., and Sergeant Kevin O'Shea, A.I.F., attend bridegroom.

BELIEVE Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Mann are busy buying furnishings for their new flat at Corrimal, Darling Point, which they will move into in February.

Joyce



INTERSTATE INTEREST, Flight-Lieutenant Geoffrey Faithfull, R.A.A.F., of Wangaratta, Victoria, and his bride, formerly Audrey McLaren, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. McLaren, Vaucluse, cut wedding cake at Vere Mathew's, King Street, after wedding at St. Michael's, Vaucluse. Attendants Flying-Officer Don McLeod, of Melbourne, and Peggy Semple in group.



INTERESTING CHRISTENING. Mrs. Athol David Syme with her daughter, Suzanne Gal, after christening at St. James' Church, King Street. Godparents are Mrs. Richard Hosie, Jean Lightfoot Walker, and Dr. Andrew P. Findlay. Suzanne Gal's father, formerly of the A.I.F., left Australia early last June to join the 1st Cameronians in the British Army in India. He is now in Singapore.

IT'S probably symptomatic of the times, but we can't help feeling sorry for a friend of ours, the wife of an ex-sailor.

Her neat suburban home is rapidly becoming cluttered up with the sentimental souvenirs of six years at sea in one of His Majesty's destroyers.

The first new ornament was a ship's riding-lamp (port side), which graces the mantelpiece. The amount of energy her husband expends on polishing its brasswork would do a day's washing.

Then there are the ashtrays made of the bases of 4in. shells, and the paper and salt containers, originally cartridge cases.

He is now making lampshades from charts, and has brought home an enormous picture of the Cutty Sark, which he intends to frame with a length of 2in. manilla.

All reminds us of another friend whose husband liked collecting nautical knick-knacks. Their family life was almost broken up when he insisted on making a diver's helmet the centrepiece on the dining-room table.

Brave new world?

A PLAN for the world's first anti-bomb house has just been released by an English firm of industrial designers, says a cable from our London office.

It has walls of thick concrete reinforced with special asbestos and lead heat-resisting materials usually used in blast furnaces. It also has rounded surfaces to lessen air pressure.

Concrete shutters protect the windows, from the sashes of which the glass can be removed by releasing patent catches.

WORTH Reporting

Shocked

A LETTER from an Australian serviceman, LAC N. G. Sawyer, of Concord, N.S.W., reveals that even in the Indies there was some disapproval about the French bathing costumes.

He writes:

"During my service with the R.A.A.F. on Tarakan, I received some newspaper cuttings with pictures of Sydney models wearing the French style bathing suits."

"I showed the pictures to a group of Javanese women, and they were frankly shocked."

"After talking among themselves for some minutes one woman finally said to me:

"Don't you have missionaries in Australia?"

WE have received a letter from another reader requesting the interpretation of letters written on the back of an envelope. Her correspondent was an English sailor. The letters are "C.W.W.H.A.G.T.I. I.C.G.D.T.Z."

We asked our naval correspondent, but he admits to being completely baffled as to their meaning.

New York Round-up

Weaker sex pack gats, not poison

Radiated by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Women are tougher than they seem, and are getting worse, says a prominent New York sociologist and psychiatrist. He warns that men had better go easy on this chivalry business if they don't want numbers of female gangsters going round terrorising the country.

He's Dr. Ralph S. Banay, Associate Director of Research on Social Deviation at Columbia University and former psychiatrist at Sing Sing prison.

He puts it in technical and more gentle terms but it's clear that's what he means.

HE insists society's instinct to protect womanhood even when it breaks laws had better be curbed.

As an instance, he points to the case of Imogene Stevens, who recently committed murder but was freed by the Coroner without trial because the Coroner believed she was justified.

Banay says women are growing more aggressive and more inclined toward crimes of violence than they were in the bloomer-girl age.

He advocates a more realistic attitude toward woman law-breakers.

He says: "In this atomic, emancipated era, women are just as potentially criminal as men."

"They are breaking loose from their sheltered environments, coming in contact with a harsh world, and becoming harsh themselves."

Banay almost sadly bemoans the decline in femininity in the character of women's crimes.

"Women used to kill by the impulsive crime of poisoning," he says. "Now they shoot guys in hold-ups."

CHIVALRY, which takes a beating in the rush subway hours, is not dead after all.

That is not if the subway poster and newspapers reappearing after war can do anything about it.

The poster issued regularly and displayed in subway cars gives hints on travel.

The latest issue exhorts men to give gallant deference to women.

* * *

CORRECTION

A COLOR advertisement in our issue of January 12, featuring "Slimyra" All-purpose Fabrics, quoted the advertiser's name as "H. Ledgard Ltd."

This should have read: "Product of H. Ledgard Ltd. — Macclesfield, England."

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give gallant deference to women.

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Chivalry, which takes a beat-

ing in the rush subway hours,

is not dead after all.

That is not if the subway poster

and newspapers reappearing after

war can do anything about it.

The poster issued regularly and

displayed in subway cars gives

Life of comedian Al Jolson to be screened

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

The hardest working actor in Hollywood is Larry Parks, 25, who has assumed the difficult task of portraying Al Jolson's life story. Dark-eyed Larry knows that this chance means either stardom or oblivion for him. Either he will be a smashing success or a complete failure.

I CHATTED to Larry as he studied his script between love scenes with Evelyn Keyes. Larry told me, "I work about sixteen hours daily — eight hours before the cameras, and then eight hours rehearsing song and dance numbers at home. I spent Christmas Day learning a Hebrew song, and I had to practise 'Sonny Boy' on New Year's Day. All I can think of is how nice it will be to stay at home and do nothing when the picture finishes."

Jolson then stepped in to confer with Larry and answered the question of how he happened to pick Larry to portray him. "Larry was the only candidate of hundreds who did not say he could do a perfect

imitation of me. It was his modesty plus his ability, which I saw immediately, that got him the job."

Looking at both men I could see a resemblance, though Larry is a good twenty-five years younger than Jolson. Larry and Jolson worked together for four months while Larry absorbed Jolson's voice and mannerisms and learned his dancing technique. Larry said, "I am working terribly hard, and only hope that people will like me as much as Jolson. It is a difficult thing to portray a well-known and living artist. People may be disappointed and leave the theatre saying I am not a bit like Al Jolson."

Jolson made a smart move in casting virtually unknown Larry in the lead, as audiences, not used to seeing him, will not be distracted by his personality as might be the case if a star like Muni or Claude Rains were cast in the part. Larry has previously been in small parts in "Counterattack" and recently

completed the villain role in "Rene-gades" with Evelyn Keyes and Willard Parker for Columbia. Evelyn is playing the lead opposite Larry in the Jolson story and although her name in the picture is Julie Benson everybody knows she is really portraying Ruby Keeler, but reports say Ruby would not permit the use of her name in the film, so a fictitious name was substituted.

Larry's hectic life before the cameras is duplicated in private life. His pretty actress wife, Betty Garrett, is now on the stage in Chicago and has not seen Larry for months. The couple plan a grand holiday when his film is completed in February. The film is in lavish technicolor with twenty-five singing and dancing numbers in which Larry appears. I was struck by the friendly unassuming nature and earnest manner of Larry Parks, who may be one of the greatest stars of 1946.



DANA ANDREWS is matched by his wife Mary as he makes a lightning sketch of a dancing couple at The Trocadero in Hollywood. Nat Dillinger took the picture of the popular Fox star.

Film Reviews

★★ THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

GAY and light-hearted, Columbia's technicolor musical is acceptable fare. The Arabian Nights yarn about Aladdin has been peped up with modern gags and streamlined settings, but it is reminiscent of the heyday of Douglas Fairbanks senior.

The streamlining also applies to luscious blonde Adele Jergens as the Princess and zippy beauty Evelyn Keyes, who bounces in and out like a rabbit out of a hat.

Cornel Wilde's dark good looks fit him for the romantic role of Aladdin. Phil Silvers as his friend Abdullah is definitely 1946 in speech and manner, and he often is highly amusing. There are the usual dancing girls and some good songs. Alfred Green kept a tight hand on the direction and the film is never allowed to drag.—State; showing.

★★ A BELL FOR ADANO

IT is regrettable that the Fox adaptation of John Hersey's fine novel doesn't ring very true. The wartime story of an American major who is given administration of a town in Sicily and attempts to bring it back to its peaceful prewar status made a fascinating tale, and actor John Hodiak was a good choice as star for the film presentation.

Unfortunately Hodiak's sinewy and careful handling of the role is not backed up by other members of the cast, with the exception of brawny William Bendix as the Major's orderly.

Gene Tierney, with a blonde wig and a strange, low voice, is a Hollywood version of the fisherman's daughter, whose part seems unnecessary. The arrogant American General with whom Hodiak crosses swords and who is responsible for his removal from the town is poorly drawn. With all its faults the film still is interesting for its unusual story plus John Hodiak.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE

A MUCH better than average Roy Rogers film comes from Republic, with the popular cowboy star and his famous horse Trigger doing good jobs in a smoothly directed story.

Roy and his band of cowboy troubadours join a broken-down

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars — below average.

radio outfit headed by the be-whiskered Gabby Hayes and owned by heroine Dale Evans. Villain of the piece is rival radio owner Richard Powers, but Roy and the boys get busy and straighten out the difficulties. There's lots of singing, with Roy and Dale as leaders of duet and solo numbers, which are well presented.—Canwo and Lyric; showing.

★ HE SNOOPS TO CONQUER

SMALL-TOWN slapstick comedy is provided by the ebullient George Formby in Columbia's release of a British film. For Formby admires the film will be tops, as George grins and guffaws his way through the role of a goofy council employee who prevents an attempt by vested interests to ruin a town planning scheme. Backed up by Robertson Hare as an eccentric inventor, George keeps the pace going merrily with down-to-earth humor which at times is touched by vulgarity.

Elizabeth Allan is the heroine, though the romantic scenes are awkwardly handled.—Victory; showing.

★ SHADY LADY

CROONER Harry Simms has her first starring role in this rather dim little comedy for Universal. Miss Simms looks sufficiently glamorous and sings well as a night-club performer whose mission in life appears to be an attempt to keep her card-sharper uncle (Charles Coburn) on the straight and narrow. Veteran Mr. Coburn really takes the film honors for his sly portraiture, and there's an amusing interlude from Joe Frisco as a park-bench tramp. Hero Robert Paige is stodgy.—Empire; showing.

METRO have announced that the first film for Robert Taylor will be titled "You Were There." Katharine Hepburn has the feminine lead.

IT is rumored that Paul Muni is considering remaking "Pugilist From the Chain Gang."

RUTH said slowly, "It's difficult to explain. I knew Mr. Barton so well, you see. He was annoyed and bothered about the business, and I found that Mrs. Drake had been very fearful and upset, as she always was on these occasions, so, of course, he wanted to straighten it all out. But I had the impression—

"Yes, Miss Lessing? I'm sure your impressions will be accurate."

"Well, then, I fancied that his annoyance was not quite the usual annoyance, as I may put it like that. Because we had had this same business before, one way or another."

She paused, frowning slightly, then continued. "It seemed to me this time that his annoyance was principally at the cable having arrived just at this moment when he was entirely preoccupied with the arrangements for the party he was giving."

"Did it strike you that there was anything odd about this party of his?"

"Yes, it did. Mr. Barton was really most peculiar about it. He was excited, as a child might have been."

"Did it occur to you that there might have been a special purpose in such a party?"

"You mean that it was a replica of the party a year ago when Mrs. Barton committed suicide?"

"Yes."

"Frankly, I thought it a most extraordinary idea."

"But George didn't volunteer any explanation or confide in you in any way?" She shook her head.

"Tell me, Miss Lessing, has there ever been any doubt in your mind as to Mrs. Barton's having committed suicide?"

She looked astonished. "Oh, no."

"George Barton didn't tell you that he believed his wife had been murdered?"

She stared at him. "George believed that?"

"I see that is news to you. Yes, Miss Lessing. George had received anonymous letters stating that his wife had not committed suicide, but had been killed."

"So that is why he became so odd this summer. I couldn't understand what was the matter with him."

"You knew nothing about these anonymous letters?"

"Nothing. He never told me."

He watched her for a moment, then he said, "Well, Miss Lessing, what do you say? Is it possible, in your opinion, for George to have committed suicide?"

She shook her head. "No! Oh, no!"

"But you said he was excited, upset?"

"Yes, but he had been like that for some time. I see why now."

Then she said, "Oh, I see. I see

One Year Later

Continued from page 25

And I see why he was so excited about last night's party. He must have had some special idea in his head. He must have hoped that by reproducing the conditions, he would gain some additional knowledge. Poor George, he must have been so muddled about it all."

"And what about Rosemary Barton, Miss Lessing? Do you still think her death was suicide?"

She frowned. "I've never dreamed of its being anything else. It seemed so natural."

"Depression after influenza?"

"Well, rather more than that, perhaps. She was definitely very unhappy. One could see that."

"And guess the cause?"

"Well, yes. At least I did. Of course, I may have been wrong. But women like Mrs. Barton are very transparent. They don't trouble to hide their feelings. Mercifully, I don't think Mr. Barton knew anything. Oh, yes, she was very unhappy. And I know she had a bad headache that night, besides being run down with flu."

"How did you know she had a headache?"

"I heard her telling Lady Alexandra so in the cloak-room when we were taking off our wraps. She was wishing she had a headache capsule and, luckily, Lady Alexandra had one and gave it to her."

Colonel Race's hand stopped with a glass in mid-air. "And she took it?"

"Yes."

He put his glass down untaught and looked across the table. The girl looked placid and unaware of any significance in what she had said. But it was significant. It meant that Sandra, who, from her position at table, would have had the most difficulty in putting anything unseen in Rosemary's glass, had had another opportunity of administering the poison.

He said abruptly, "Did you see her take it?"

"I beg your pardon?"

He saw by her puzzled face that her mind had gone on elsewhere.

"Did you see Rosemary Barton swallow that capsule?"

Ruth looked a little startled. "I—well, no, I didn't actually see her. She just thanked Lady Alexandra."

So Rosemary might have slipped the capsule in her bag and then, during the cabaret, with a headache increasing, she might have dropped it into her champagne glass and let it dissolve. Assumption—but a possibility.

Ruth said, "Why do you ask me that?" Her eyes were suddenly alert, full of questions. He watched, as it seemed to him, her intelligence working.

Then she said, "Oh, I see. I see

why George took that house down there near the Farradays. And I see why he didn't tell me about those letters. It seemed to me so extraordinary that he hadn't. But of course if he believed them, it must have been so muddled about it all."

Race said in a very gentle voice. "Had you any reason for killing Rosemary Barton?"

He thought at first that she hadn't heard the question. She sat so very still with her eyes cast down. But suddenly, with a sigh, she raised them and looked straight at him.

"It is not the sort of thing one cares to talk about," she said. "But I think you had better know. I was in love with George Barton. I was in love with him before he even met Rosemary. I don't think he ever knew—certainly he didn't care. He was fond of me—very fond of me—but I suppose never in that way. And yet I used to think that I would have made him a good wife, that I could have made him happy. He loved Rosemary, but he wasn't happy with her."

Race said gently, "And you disliked Rosemary?"

"Yes, I did. Oh, she was very lovely and very attractive and could be very charming in her way. She never bothered to be charming to me. I disliked her a good deal. I was shocked when she died, and at the way she died, but I wasn't really sorry. I'm afraid I was rather glad." She paused. "Please, shall we talk about something else?"

Race responded quickly. "I'd like you to tell me exactly, in detail, everything you can remember about yesterday—from the morning onward—especially anything George did or said."

Ruth replied promptly, going over the events of the morning—George's annoyance over Victor's importance, her own telephone calls to South America and the arrangements made, and George's pleasure when the matter was settled. She then described her arrival at the Luxembourg and George's hurried, excited bearing as host. She carried her narrative up to the final moment of the tragedy. Her account talked in every respect with those he had already heard.

With a worried frown, Ruth voiced Race's own perplexity. "It wasn't suicide—I'm sure it wasn't suicide. But how can it have been murder? I mean, how can it have been done?"

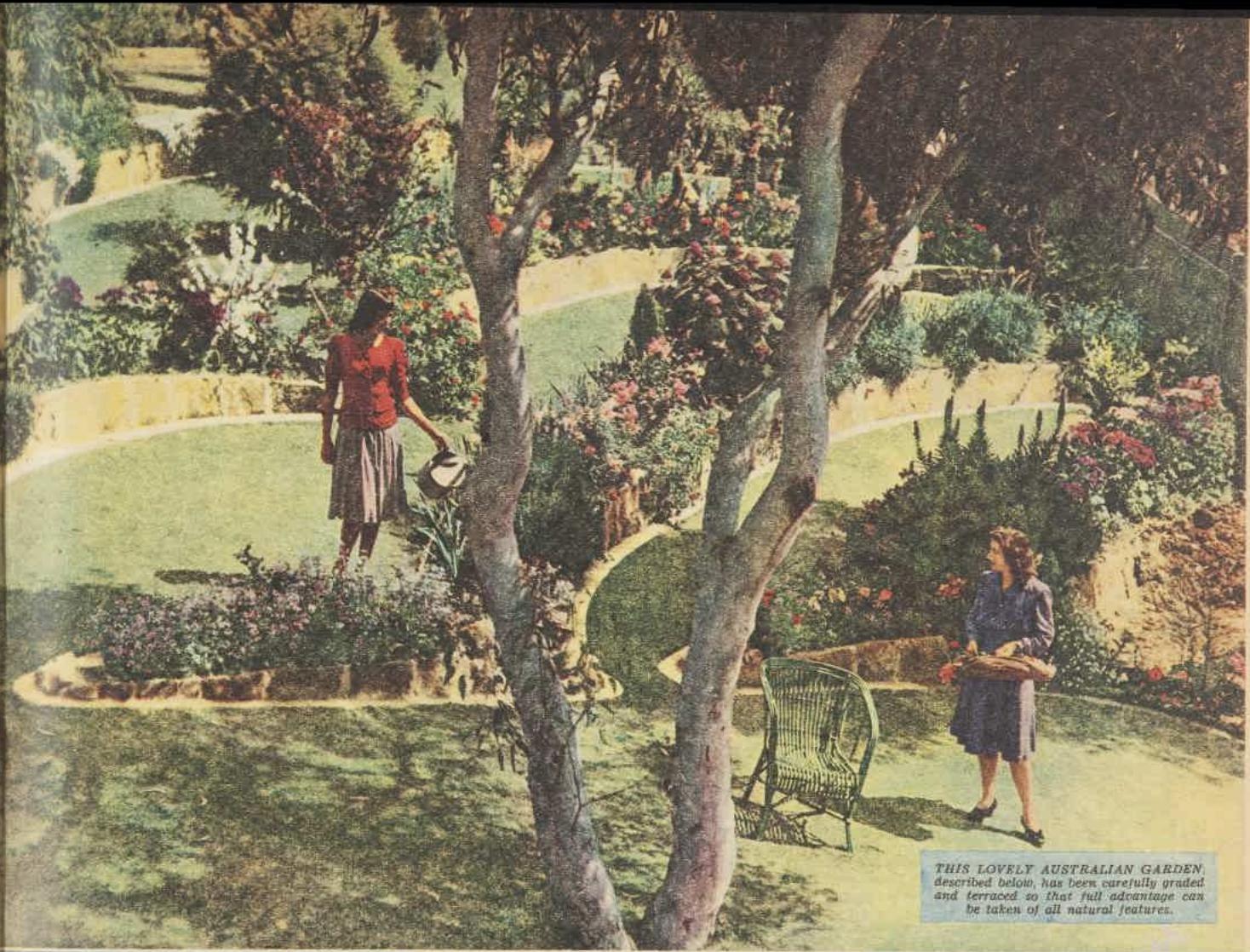
Please turn to page 40

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



THIS LOVELY AUSTRALIAN GARDEN described below, has been carefully graded and terraced so that full advantage can be taken of all natural features.

HOMEMAKER SECTION

Plan for year-round color in the garden

Gardens that are full of color the year round are always those that are properly designed and planned with due regard to seasonal changes

SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER.

RECENTLY I visited the lovely garden of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Rawson, of East Lindfield, N.S.W. Most of the planting and all of the planning is done by the enthusiastic owners, who obviously have "green thumbs" because many of their horticultural efforts are entirely unorthodox.

Actually the garden is a mixture of formal and informal design, but the results are most pleasing because the two schools of horticultural thought do not clash. This may or may not have been accidental, but there is nothing artificial about the garden, except the formal flagging and the sandstone facing of the terraces.

This, however, was unavoidable, and was done to save space, to retain moisture in the rather heavy soil, and to permit the use of lawn strips between the terraced flower beds.

And full use is made of every season.

When I paid my visit to this beautiful garden, which is roughly 200ft. wide at its widest and probably much about the same length, the rockeries and terrace borders were filled with flaming petunias, phlox, globe amaranths, portulaca, hydrangeas, heliotrope, gerberas, carnations, and other summer flowers, with dahlias and chrysanthemums showing promise of lots of color in autumn.

The beds were crowded with healthy, vigorous plants, fine shrubs, and many splendid young trees. Abies and cypresses had been used to good effect, and will show up well in a few years' time against the more sombre background of the natural bush in the adjoining ground.

Winter and spring sowings receive just as much attention as do those of the summer and autumn. I was told that the fences on the northern side were smothered with masses of sweet peas, with lupins, nemesia, snapdragons, and wallflowers at foot.

The other terraces carried special plantings of masses daffodils, thousands of them, with multi-colored ranunculi in serried ranks, pansies

and violas in front for contrast, and closely planted beds of babanas, freesias, grape hyacinths, and anemones to add further to the colorful pageant.

Along the flagged drive a special bed is reserved for stocks and blue anemones, and I was told that the great masses of fragrant verbens were a blaze of brilliance in twelve colors.

In the centre of the main lawn stands a flagged circular bed with a rustic summer-house over which sprawls a heavily laden passion vine. This rubs elbows with the citrus plantation, each tree standing in a small circular bed, flagged all round.

Nearby strawberries were hanging—bunches of fragrant, sweet-smelling fruit—over the edges of a rockery, while a neatly fenced enclosure, painted dark green, proved to be the outdoor mansion of a diminutive snow-white Highland terrier pup.

Late bulb plantings

"WE are preparing now for our late summer and autumn plantings of daffodils, jacquias, and other bulbs," I was told. Room will be found for these when some of the petunias and other summer flowers are spent.

Just inside the gate my eyes were greatly attracted by a huge heliotrope bush, which gave off an almost overwhelming fragrance of cherry pie. It was only about 18 months old, I was told, and had grown from a tiny slip.

Room will also be found for big masses of cinerarias, which Mrs. Rawson says do particularly well.

I was impressed, too, by the fact that the vigorous rose bushes were covered with quality blooms. As most of the roses in and round

Sydney had been wiped out earlier by countless hordes of thrips, this display of Queen Rose was little short of surprising, but on my way home by bus I noticed hundreds of other gardens in the district had equally good rose blooms showing—evidently a second flush after the disastrous spring plague of the thrips pest.

Throughout this well-planned

garden I noticed the vigor and strength of rose and other bushes, giving evidence of soil fertility. The chrysanthemum plants particularly were of good color, the leaves full of substance and stems sturdy and strong. This is a characteristic of chrysanthemum plants grown on Sydney's north shore, the clayey ingredient obviously providing the colloid substance the plants require.

It is many years since I have seen a neater, better-planned garden, or one that has exhibited so much thought expended and effort devoted to its lay-out, preparation, and completion.

Although steep from back to front, it is possible to ascend step by step, because the garden is laid out in a series of long, carefully graded ramps, each being faced and raised with rock-edge flower and shrub beds.

Built on a solid rock foundation, which might be regarded by many as an impossible place for gardening, this home is surrounded by beds of deep soil, made possible only by the flagged beds, raised about 2ft. in each case—a lesson in improvisation if ever I saw one.

During a tour of the district subsequently, I was much impressed with the outstanding beauty and deep-red color of the Christmas bushes everywhere. This year has been a particularly good one for "bush."

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Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.



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Here's how to get that smart, smooth finish of colour on your lips. Remember, lips should always be quite dry before you put on lipstick. Apply Pond's "Lips" to upper lip first, outlining the shape of the lip carefully, and then colour all over the lip. Now press top lip over bottom lip to outline, and then fill in with the lipstick. Dab lightly with powder puff or press lips on cleansing tissue to remove any excess colour. Remember, Pond's "Lips" stays on longer!

Pond's
"LIPS"
*and Dreamflower
Face Powder*

Use with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams



THIS COIFFURE is known as the Phrygian cap. A small bunch of curls relieves severity of line.



ANOTHER ANGLE of the Phrygian cap. Note the height at which the hair is worn on top of the head.



HERE is the "halo" roll. It is worn from the right ear, across the top of the head, to nape of the neck.



A CLEVER and refined coiffure. The hair is drawn into large coils, swept up on top.

Paris Stages

Exclusive millinery and hairdressing salons in Paris are competing to see whether it will be hats or hair-do's that no hats for smart Parisian women. Here are some entries in a recent Paris Coiffure Contest.



A THICK BUN leaning to the left is the fashion point in this coiffure. The effect is very attractive.



HERE M. George uses false hair of blonde and dark to form a turban.



THIS CLEVERLY devised coiffure is the Maison Canton style. A coil of hair is drawn across the top of the head to form a tiara.



THIS EXTREMELY attractive style from the Maison Sureté, shared first prize in the Paris coiffure contest. The waved, swirling rolls give a softness to the features and neck.

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Extra minerals in BIDOMAK build new, rich, red blood cells—new vigour, active nerve force and buoyant health. Prove it through this 14 days, no-risk test.

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It's not his fault—when your husband is irritable, snappy at you, uninterested in life, he's so tired, so "no" energy. Actually, he's half-sick, only he doesn't know it. Here is the likely cause of his trouble—and you can help him, through BIDOMAK, to be again the grand man you married.

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When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, magnesium, zinc, copper. Then he added Catalytic Copper, and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY.

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.



How to take
the soreness
out of

SUNBURN

Doctors and medical journals now advise treating minor burns with petroleum, better known to you as 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. Sunburn is definitely a burn. It responds quickly to 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. This soothing remedy helps take the pain out of sunburn, keep out infection.

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The first necessity . . . even before he picks up his razor is a good shaving cream! Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream is JUST THAT.

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It's The Best!**

The Menthol in the cream cools his face, KEEPS IT COOL AND FRESH, AND DOES AWAY WITH ALL SORENESS AND IRITATION.

For his first shave start him using Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream, and you'll do him a lifetime service . . . for he'll always use it . . . and enjoy his shaving.

And tell his Dad about Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream, too . . . He's never tried anything just so good . . . it's the newest, most wonderful discovery in Shaving Cream luxury. He never knew anything like it when he was young. It's obtainable only at your chemist.

POTTER'S MENTHOL SHAVING CREAM
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Distributed by Potter & Blanks Pty. Ltd.



HAIRDRESSING operator cleverly puts final touch to sophisticated coil hair-do.



THE finished coiffure. Note how hair is swept away from the face, but softness of line remains.



IN the style called "Little Cat," M. George seeks to harden the features and accentuate the personality.



THIS SMART STYLE consists of two thick coils set on the head like a cat's ears. Ideal for the brunette.

Coiffure Contest



THE OTHER first-prize winner in the contest is from the Maison Brunet. Back view shows how the hair has been softly drawn back from the face to form a moist becoming fan roll at the neck.

—French Agency Pictures.



THE FRONT VIEW of the Maison Brunet hair style. The hair is drawn back and is worn in a thick plait.



HERE is a most unusual coiffure, a Costat style. The hair drawn back from the face, is cleverly intertwined with soft dark feathers.



NOTE the attractive manner in which the plait blends into two buns at the nape of the neck.



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that lasts

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A limited quantity of Cutex is now available, principally in "Colorless" and "Natural," with a small amount of the famous "Creme" shades.

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As soon as possible, however, Cutex, the longest wearing, most economical nail polish, will be back in full supply in the complete range of fashionable shades . . . the choice of smart women all over the world. Meantime, use your Cutex for special occasions and safeguard it by keeping the bottle neck clean and the cap tightly screwed down.



CUTEX
MANICURE



IN THIS exquisitely moulded coiffure by Judi Vasquez, waves softly brush the forehead, and hair forms large curls at the nape of the neck.

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That Originate In The Bloodstream

**VAXOS No. 3 ORAL VACCINE**

Effectively Treats

DERMATITIS, ECZEMA, ACNE BOILS, PIMPLES, CARBUNCLES

These skin disorders are caused by bacterial infection of the bloodstream. That's why treatment by external application is not logical and why Vaxos No. 3, internal treatment, gives quick lasting results. A few drops of Vaxos taken in water each day is rapidly absorbed by the bloodstream. Heat and inflammation caused by the infection are soon conquered and blemishes disappear. Put an end to your troubles, ask your chemist for Vaxos TO-DAY. Simple and pleasant to take, a large 24 c.c. bottle for Chronic cases costs only £1/1/-, and is sufficient for several weeks' treatment. A smaller bottle for milder cases is obtainable for 12/6.



If your chemist is out of stocks, write to
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584 Little Collins St., Melb., C.1

OATINECream for night use
The Cream of Beauty**MORTEIN**
INSECT POWDER
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DEADLIEST INSECT
DESTROYERS KNOWN
Pyrethrum-Thiamate-D.D.T.**ONLY**

Mortein Insect Powder gives you this powerful combination.

Insect on MORTEINWhen you're on a good thing—
STICK to it!

Serious Chances
Are Taken in Neglecting
Even Simple Cases

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of Piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic, and there is also danger of ulceration, which is very difficult to cure. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no debilitation from daily occupation, and the many cases eased by it have made it famous in every corner of the world. It enjoys a greater demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other Pile remedy ever placed on the market.

Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Remember the name, DOAN'S.

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FASHION FROCK SERVICE**"MAIDY"**

Fresh, cool frock in summer floral rayon. THIS sweet frock comes to you in an all-over floral of lovely shades, but with red, blue, and cyclamen predominating, on a background of white.

The style is quite new, with befrilled shoulders, a square neckline, and quite short sleeves. The waistline is slim, and the skirt is fully cut with large twin pockets to adorn it.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 35/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38 and 40in. bust, 49/11 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 31/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38 and 40in. bust, 34/11 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9 extra.

* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include money stamp, postage and fees AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.



677

**Needlework
Notions**

No. 677

**BABY'S DARLING
FROCK AND SLIP
SET**

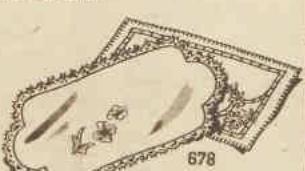
THE pattern for this dainty little baby set is traced clearly on this easy-to-cut-out card and cream twill lambkin, and is ready for you to cut out and attach together. Full instructions for making the frock and the slip are given. Frock has dainty rounded yoke, from which skirt is tucked. Sleeves are short and puffed and skirt is long and beautifully full. Scattered floral design stamped ready for working.

Slip is dainty princess style, buttoned at shoulder, with scalloped hemline for lace trim (not supplied). Also available in two materials: 1. In rayon crepe-de-chine: Frock, infants to 8 months, 14/8 (4 coupons); 6 to 12 months, 18/11 (4 coupons); Slip, infants to 8 months, 9/11 (2 coupons); 6 to 12 months, 12/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 4/6d. extra. 2. In twill lambkin: Frock, infants to 8 months, 9/11 (4 coupons); 6 to 12 months, 11/8 (5 coupons). Postage, 9/6d. extra. Slip, infants to 8 months, 5/2 (2 coupons); 6 to 12 months, 5/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 4/6d. extra.

No. 678.
TWO DAINTY SANDWICH
DOYLEYS

THE designs for these two lovely doyleys are traced clearly on a good quality white British cotton and are all ready for working.

Size 5in. x 11in. price 9d. each, or 1/3 set of two. Postage 2/6d. extra.



678



Three Individual Suits for Small Boys. Size, 1 to 6 years.
No. 1—Requires 1½yd. 30in. wide. No. 2—Requires 1½yd. 30in. wide.
No. 3—Requires 1½yd. for teenagers with 1yd. 30in. wide for skirt.

Concession Coupon

A VAILABLE for one month from date of issue, 1d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 310, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 410, G.P.O., Perth.
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Pattern may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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SIZE _____

Pattern Children, 35/1/46.

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IS HERE AGAIN**

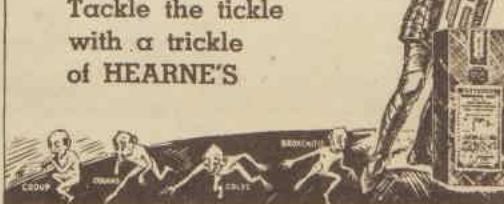
Now at last you can get Bovril again—the same top quality, concentrated essence of prime beef you remember so well. And what a difference a little Bovril does make to stews, soups, gravies! Full of rich, appetite-encouraging flavour, it's a stimulant to good digestion too, helping you to assimilate other foods. There's only one Bovril. And it's good to see Bovril again.

THERE IS ONLY ONE BOVRILAustralian Leadership
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BRONCHITIS CURE****TICKLING COUGH?**

Tackle the tickle
with a trickle
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It's no miracle



PANDER TO YOUR
PALATE WITH THE
TASTE OF FRESH FRUIT

THAT ALL THESE GOOD THINGS COME FROM ONE BOTTLE OF MYNOR

IT'S ECONOMICAL

ONE WHOLE GALLON from just one bottle of Mynor Fruit Cup! And that's not all... MYNOR also gives you... all the goodness, all the health and the taste of fresh fruit — of the finest sun-ripened Australian Oranges, Lemons, Passion-fruit and Pineapples. All this in just one bottle of MYNOR FRUIT CUP!



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IT'S CHILD'S PLAY... it's as simple as falling off a log... there's nothing to it. We could go on for hours, but 'twould serve no purpose when all we have to say is to make MYNOR FRUIT CUP... You simply add the Iced Water!



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MYNOR FRUIT CUP is the family favourite drink because: It's delicious... it's health-giving and grown-ups as well as children love the taste of fresh fruit in MYNOR FRUIT CUP... Smarten up your puddings, pies and tarts with a dash of MYNOR... Add MYNOR to your fillings, icings, sauces and jellies.



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A... for normal growth.
B... where there's Vitamin B there'll be less irritability and jitters,
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FRUIT CUP

MI/70



First catch your fish, then cook it. Be clever with the cooking, baking, frying or boiling. Be clever with the souce. Serve the dish piping hot or icy cold.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

FROM dustman to duchess fried fish is a favorite . . . fish and chips to the one, poison meuniere to the other,

A river trout grilled over red-hot coals, or a sole poached in wine and masked with mushroom sauce; a mackerel soured in spiced vinegar, or whiting stuffed with oysters, baked and glazed with cheese . . . with simple or involved culinary magic the answer can be the same.

That fish can be the most delicious of all savory foods.

Try your luck with these recipes. Remember first these simple pre-

cepts:

Remove the skin from coarse-scaled fish; use a sharp knife, salted fingers, starting at the tail by first cutting and then pulling against the flat of the knife.

Remove all dark blood and membrane from inside of fish by rubbing with salt and rinsing well in cold water.

Remove fillets from bones when serving fish to children, old people, and invalids.

Use trimmings and bones for fish stock, the basis for soups and sauces.

Season fish with lemon, salt, and pepper before cooking.

Cook larger, coarser fish in casseroles or poach in hot milk or court bouillon.

When cooking fish in liquid keep just below simmering point, not allowing to boil.

The ways of serving can be as varied as the shells on the seashore. Try a sauce of creamed scallops, mussels, shrimps, or oysters on any boiled fish. Serve fish omelette for

breakfast, browned fish balls for luncheon, planked fish with vegetables as a main dinner dish.

Serve fish in a dozen salad combinations, with creamy mayonnaise or clear dressing, jellied in aspic, moulded in a velvet smooth mousse.

PLANKED FISH JUANITA

(Marinaded in a sharp pickle before baking and served with a puree of potatoes and a garnish of glazed carrot straws.)

Two small mullet or mackerel, 1 cup vinegar, 2 or 3 shallots, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, 1 clove, 2 or 3 slices of lemon, little salad oil or melted butter.

Draw and clean the fish and cut off fins and trim tail. Gash back several times with a sharp knife. Bring vinegar, chopped shallot, salt, bay leaf, peppercorns, clove, and lemon to the boil and pour over the

fish. Stand for 2 hours or longer. Strain the pickle off the fish. Brush fish with salad oil or melted butter. Season lightly again with salt and pepper and cook in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Serve piping hot with glazed carrot straws and piped cream potato. For two to four.

WHOLE FISH SALAD

(Try with any cold cooked fish—cod, snapper, whiting, John Dory, bream . . . poach fish in a covered pan of court bouillon, not allowing to boil; may be cooled in the liquid.)

Cooked whole fish, 4 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon chopped chives or shallot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 2 cups green peas, 2 cups sliced new potatoes with 1 tablespoon salad oil and 1 dessertspoon finely chopped mint, 1 sliced green cucumber, 2 or 3 small tomatoes or cooked beetroot (sliced), 2 or 3 lettuce hearts, parsley.

Lift the cold cooked fish carefully on to a platter, keeping whole and in shape. Arrange vegetables in symmetrical piles round the fish.

When ready to serve pour over the fish a sauce made from the oil, chives, parsley, salt, and vinegar. If preferred, a thick mayonnaise may

be used to mask the fish and top garnished with rows of chopped parsley and grated egg-yolk. For four.

COURT BOUILLON

(The mixture in which all French cooks boil river or sea fish.)

One cup diced carrots, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup parsley sprigs, sprig of thyme, bay leaf, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup vinegar, 1 quart water.

Simmer for 1 hour and strain.

FISH SCRABBLE

(Light and savory for breakfast, super with a topping of sauteed mushrooms.)

One cup cooked, flaked fish, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 4 toast squares, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 4 lemon wedges.

Whip eggs well, add milk, fish, parsley, pepper and salt. Stir over low heat until lightly set. Add parsley, pile on toast, top with grated cheese, and glaze for 1 minute under griller. Serve piping hot. For four.

PAIRED WITH FISH THESE MAKE A PERFECT MENU

TINY new potatoes, boiled, skinned, and reheated, with salad oil and chopped mint . . . try with fried fillets.

Cucumbers, diced, heated in a rich white sauce for 5 minutes . . . serve very hot with boiled cod and a side salad of crisp lettuce tossed in a clear dressing flavored with chives.

Tomatoes, icy cold, sliced and seasoned with freshly chopped mint and onion juice . . . Serve with a flaked fish salad.

Baby beets, tender and drenched with spiced vinegar . . . Serve whole with cold boiled fish, dressed whale and glazed with aspic and decorated with sliced egg.

Carrot straws, boiled for 1 minute, drained and sauteed in shortening and chopped mint for 3 minutes . . . Serve very hot with rolled poached fillets masked with curried sauce.

White cabbage heart, shredded as for fairy floss, sea-

sened with vinegar and herbs . . . Serve crisp and cold with fish mayonnaise.

Outside lettuce leaves, shredded finely, sauteed in a little fat in a covered pan, seasoned with lemon juice and salt . . . Serve in a cheese sauce with baked fish.

Baby squash, cooked in their skins, scooped, filled with melted cheese, dusted with powdered herbs and served with baked fish.

COD CUTLETS LYONNAISE

(Very satisfying . . . served with grilled tomatoes, browned potato slices, and crisp green side salad.)

Four thick cod cutlets, 1 tablespoon salad oil or melted butter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, 3 onions, 2 cups thick white sauce.

Place cutlets in oven dish. Brush with oil or melted butter, sprinkle with mixed grated cheese and breadcrumbs, and season with pepper and salt. Cook in a hot oven (400deg. F.) for 15 minutes, or until fish is white and top browned. Slice onions and fry without browning. Place fish on hot dish, place onions on top, and cover with hot sauce. Top with powdered parsley or fine browned breadcrumbs, and serve very hot. For four.

MALTESE CASSEROLE OF FISH

(Stuff fish with little button mushrooms when available . . . A main dish for any meal.)

One large fish, few slices of lemon, sliced potatoes, sliced onions, sliced tomatoes, a sprinkling of herbs, a sprinkling of chopped mint, a liberal sprinkling of grated cheese, pepper and salt, a walnut or butter or substitute.

Wash prepared fish well, removing fins. Season inside and out with pepper and salt.

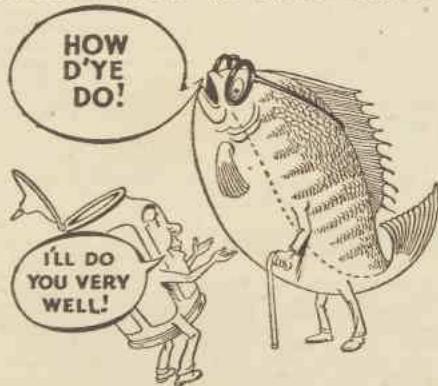
Place sliced lemon inside fish and lay fish in a greased ovenproof dish. Cover with a layer each of thinly sliced potatoes, onions, and tomatoes. Season layers and sprinkle top lightly with herbs and mint. Cover with cheese and dot with butter. Cover, and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Remove cover and brown top.

Continued on page 38

THE BRIDE



INTRODUCTION TO FINER EATING



You know, you've got a reputation for being rather common, which is quite undeserved. Served piping hot, and with me well hidden in the famous sauce,* you'll be properly acclaimed at last. Excuse me for a moment, but here's the recipe:

* Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter in saucepan, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour and add by degrees $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, stirring steadily. Bring to the boil, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls made mustard. Boil for 5 minutes and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt.

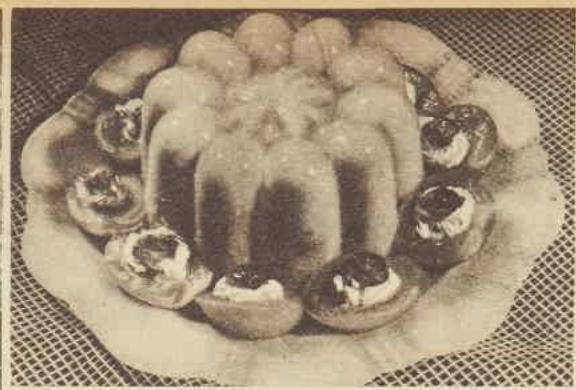
So there you are, thanks to

KEEN'S Mustard

We know you would like more Mustard, but Service demands have priority.

M2.45

by BEE



CORNFLOUR MOULD, smooth as cream, and quivering to the touch of the spoon, served with iced apricots, decked with brandied cherries.

Choice salad dressing

• Here is a salad dressing worth trying. It whips up in a jiffy, there is no cooking to it, and it lends itself easily to flavor variations. It is this week's best prize-winning recipe.

TURN it into sauce tartare for hot fish with the addition of chopped parsley, shallot, and gherkins.

Whip it up with minced cold lamb, flaked fish, lobster or diced cooked vegetables and pile into a nest of lettuce for a mayonnaise salad.

What is your latest table triumph? Send in your latest party success. Cash prizes are awarded.

QUICK MAYONNAISE

Four rounded tablespoons powdered milk, 1 level teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon celery salt or common salt, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk or water 1 tablespoon salad oil (may be omitted), 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Measure the powdered milk, mustard, and salt into a basin and mix. Add honey and egg, whole and raw. Beat until smooth, adding the milk or water gradually. Beat in the oil. Lastly add the lemon juice, very slowly and stirring all the time. If too thick more milk may be added. This mayonnaise will keep well in a refrigerator. It thickens with standing but may be thinned down before use with more milk.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. W. Clarke, Short St., Coffs Harbor Jetty, N.S.W.

HONEY FRUIT BREAD

Quarter cup honey, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter (or substitute), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup dates, stoned and chopped, 1 cup finely chopped dried apricots (or substitute

Try your luck

Continued from page 37

SEA-FISH COCKTAIL
(Appetising introduction for a special summer dinner.)

Three-quarters cup flaked cooked fish such as whiting or bream or lobster, crab or oysters (about 6 per person), 1 cup tomato puree, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon celery salt, dash of cayenne.

Combine all ingredients. Chill thoroughly. Serve in oyster cocktail glasses. May be topped with chopped parsley. Serve rolled brown bread and butter, cut wafer thin and crust removed.

FILLETS CHESTERFIELD

(Crisp brown rolls served with sauce tartare or hot tomato puree... piping hot as main luncheon dish or for dinner.)

Four or 6 fillets of whiting or flathead, pepper, salt, lemon juice, 1 dozen oysters or prawns, egg glazing, breadcrumbs.

Make sure all bones are removed from fish fillets. Season with pepper, salt, and lemon juice. Place 2 or 3 oysters or prawns on each fillet, roll up, and secure with sharpened match. Dip in egg and then coat with breadcrumbs. Deep fry a golden brown, about 5 minutes. Serve hot. For four.



SALAD, followed by ice-cream, is a lunch-time routine for lovely Adele Jergens, Columbia star.

other fruits), 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 egg, 3 cups self-raising flour.

Warm together honey, sugar, butter, salt, dates, apricots, and milk. Beat until the sugar dissolves and allow to cool. Beat together the lemon juice and egg and add to the cooled mixture. Mix in lightly the flour. Place mixture in greased loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 1 hour. Turn out from tin, wrap in dry cloth and cool on cake rack. Store overnight before slicing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. M. Ennis, Lindenow, Gippsland, Vic. DEVILLED PRAWNS

One pound cooked prawns, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, 1 teaspoon chutney, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup thick white sauce, pinch cayenne, salt, 1 lb. creamed potatoes, browned breadcrumbs, parsley.

Shell prawns. Add seasoning to white sauce and mix in prawns. Place hot creamed potatoes in 6 hollowed mounds on hot ovenware dish. Fill with prawn mixture, top with browned breadcrumbs. Brown in hot oven and serve very hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. Forster, Allawah, Mosstreey St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE RAISIN TART

One tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon sugar or honey, 1 cup milk, few drops vanilla, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar for merengue, 4oz. short pastry.

Mix cornflour, cocoa and sugar and blend in the milk. Bring to boiling point, stirring well, and cook over very low heat for 2 minutes. Cool and add the beaten egg-yolks, raisins, and vanilla. Line a pie-plate with short pastry. Fill with chocolate raisin mixture and bake in fairly hot oven (425deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Whisk egg-whites and sugar to stiff meringue. Spread on top of filling and lightly brown and crisp in a slow oven. Serve cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McHue, 196 Darby St., Cooks Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



Right... in one bite!

Maclean your teeth every morning and every night ... that's the way to make and keep your teeth sparkling white. Macleans Tooth-paste has a most pleasant flavour ... it tones up the gums and leaves the mouth clean and refreshed.

1/1 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1/7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per tube

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price, 2/- box. Sufficient MIDENE for several months.

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For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.L. Post.

Smooth, creamy Kraft Cheese is such a delicious blend of flavours.



Kraft Tastes Better

*because
it's*

BE-CAUSE IT'S BLENDED BETTER!

BLENDDED BETTER



"The mellow BLENDDED flavour of Kraft Cheese is excitingly different"

says **ELIZABETH COOKE** Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert



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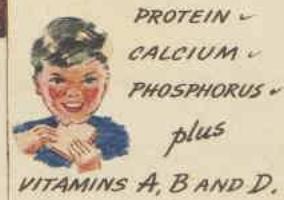
"Kraft take the finest hand-picked cheddars," says Elizabeth Cooke, "blend them — mild and tasty — to just the right flavour peak. This blending is, of course, a very special art, that is a closely guarded secret.

When the flavour is perfect, Kraft

hold that flavour indefinitely, by processing and pasteurisation. That true, mature cheddar flavour never varies . . . and of course, Kraft stays fresh and moist to the last golden slice. Yes — Kraft have taken all the guess work out of cheese buying.

AND LOOK AT THE EXTRA FOOD VALUE YOU GET.

When you make sandwiches, salads, snacks, savouries, or a main course cooked dish with delicious Kraft Cheese you are serving



Every Kraft Cheese Lunch
Packs a Healthy Punch



The Kraft Cheese you buy is a harmonious blend of flavours. Kraft select the finest cheddar, mature them for flavour, then blend the mild with the tasty to get that mellow, yet full-bodied flavour you like so much better.

All cheeses are watched as carefully as a baby, turned like good wine, and tasted at regular intervals.

KRAFT CHEESE

IT'S BLENDDED BETTER

Happy days ahead

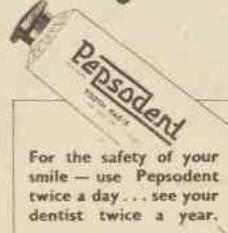
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what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . in just one week they look far brighter!

P.1.26



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

GOT ONE!



... and it was well worth waiting for

He's one of the lucky ones who've "clicked" for a post-war Tasmania "Baby"—which is a remarkably fine radio. We're producing them as fast as conscientious craftsmanship permits, but not nearly as fast as the waiting public would like. However . . . YOUR Tasmania is on the way . . . keep on pestering the life out of your nearest Tasmania retailer! . . . We're delivering sets right now.

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Brisbane.



PACKED IN TINS FOR YOUR PROTECTION.

One Year Later

Continued from page 28

HAVE you absolutely no idea—no suspicion, even—who might have put the cyanide in the glass? Think back over last night. Is there nothing, no small incident, that awakens your suspicions in any degree, however small?

He saw her face change, saw, for a moment, uncertainty come into her eyes. There was a tiny, almost infinitesimal pause before she answered. "Nothing."

But there had been something. He was sure of that. Something she had seen or heard or noticed that, for some reason or other, she had decided not to tell. He did not press her. He knew that with a girl of Ruth's type that would be no good. But there had been something.

That knowledge cheered him and gave him fresh assurance. It was the first sign of a crevice in the blank wall that confronted him.

He took leave of Ruth after lunch and drove to Elstaston Square, thinking of the woman he had just left. Was it possible that Ruth Lessing was guilty?

On the whole, he was prepossessed in her favor. She had seemed entirely frank and straightforward. Yet there was a certain ruthlessness about that young woman. And she had a motive—or rather a choice of motives. By removing Rosemary, she had a very good chance of becoming Mrs. George Barton.

Whether it was a question of marrying a rich man or of marrying the man she had loved, the removal of Rosemary was the first essential.

Race was inclined to think that marrying a rich man was not enough. Ruth Lessing was too cool-headed and cautious to risk her neck for a mere comfortable living as a rich man's wife. Love? Perhaps.

For all her cool and detached manner, he suspected her of being one of those women who can be kindled to unlikely passion by one particular man. Given love of George and hate of Rosemary, she might have coolly planned and executed Rosemary's death. The fact that it had gone off without a hitch and that suicide had been universally accepted without demur proved her inherent capability.

And then George had received anonymous letters. From whom? Why? That was the teasing, vexing problem that never ceased to nag at him. George had grown suspicious. He had planned a trap. And Ruth had silenced him.

No, that wasn't right. That didn't ring true. That spelled panic, and Ruth Lessing was not the kind of woman who panicked. She had better brains than George, and could have avoided any trap that he was likely to set, with the greatest of ease. It looked as though Ruth didn't add up, after all. Race decided as he reached Elstaston Square and was ushered into the presence of Lucilla Drake.

She was delighted to see him, she declared. The blinds were all down and she came into the room, draped in black and with a handkerchief to her eyes, and explained, as she advanced a tremulous hand to meet his, how, of course, she couldn't have seen anyone—anyone at all—except such an old friend of dear, dear George's, and it was so dreadful to have no man in the house. Really, without a man in the house, one didn't know how to tackle anything.

Just herself, a poor lonely widow, and Iris, just a helpless young girl, and George had always looked after everything. So kind of dear Colonel Race, and really she was so grateful—no idea what they ought to do.

Of course, Miss Lessing would attend to all business matters, and the funeral to arrange for, but how about the inquest? And so dreadful having the police actually in the house—plainclothes, of course, and really very considerate. But she was so bewildered, and the whole thing was such an absolute tragedy, and didn't Colonel Race think it must be all due to suggestion?

That was what the psychoanalyst

said, wasn't it—that everything is suggestion?

And poor George at that horrid place, the Luxembourg, and practically the same party, and remembering how poor Rosemary had died there, and it must have come over him quite suddenly, only if he'd listened to what she, Lucilla, had said, and taken that excellent tonic of dear Doctor Gaskell's—run down all the summer—yes, thoroughly run down.

Whereupon Lucilla herself ran down temporarily, and Race had a chance to speak. He said how deeply he sympathised and how Mrs. Drake must count upon him in every way.

Whereupon, Lucilla started off again, and said it was indeed kind of him, and it was so nice to feel there was someone on whom they could rely.

Miss Lessing meant well, of course, and was very efficient, but rather an ungymnastic manner and sometimes took things upon herself a little too much, and in her Lucilla's opinion, George had always relied upon her far too much, and at one time she had been really afraid that he might do something foolish, which would have been a great pity, and probably she would have bullied him unmercifully once they were married.

Of course, she, Lucilla, had seen what was in the wind. Dear Iris was so unworldly, and it was nice, didn't Colonel Race think for young girls to be unspoiled and simple? Iris had really always been very young for her age, and very quiet—one didn't know half the time what she was thinking about. Rosemary, being so pretty and so gay, had been out a great deal, and Iris had mooned about the house, which wasn't really right for a young girl. They should go to classes—cooking and perhaps dress-making.

It had really been a mercy that she, Lucilla, had been free to come and live here after poor Rosemary's death—that horrid flu, quite an unusual kind of flu, Doctor Gaskell had said. Such a clever man and such a nice, breezy manner.

She had wanted Iris to see him this summer. The girl had looked so white and pulled down.

"But really, Colonel Race, I think it was the situation of the house. Low, you know, and damp, with quite a miasma in the evenings."

Poor George had gone off and bought it all by himself, without asking anyone's advice—such a pity. He had said he wanted it to be a surprise, but really it would have been better if he had taken some older woman's advice. Men knew nothing about houses. George might have realised that she, Lucilla, would have been willing to take any amount of trouble. For, after all, what was her life now?

Her dear husband dead many years now, and Victor, her dear boy, far away in the Argentine—she meant Brazil, or was it the Argentine? Such an affectionate, handsome boy.

Colonel Race said he had heard she had a son abroad. For the next quarter of an hour he was regaled with a full account of Victor's multifarious activities. Such a spirited boy, willing to turn his hand to anything—he here followed a list of Victor's varied occupations. Never unkind or bearing malice to anyone.

"He's always been unlucky, Colonel Race. He was misjudged by his housemaster, and I consider the authorities at Oxford behaved quite disgracefully. People don't seem to understand that a clever boy with a taste for drawing would think it an excellent joke to imitate someone's handwriting. He did it for the fun of the thing, not the money."

It was quite twenty minutes before Colonel Race, having heard all Victor's perfections and misfortunes, was able to switch Lucilla from the subject of her son to a more vital question.

To be continued

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TRAPS for YOUNG EXPLORERS



BRENDAN finds that there's a good view from the edge of this 12ft. high verandah. I thought he was safe on the ground, but a forgotten chair nearby helped him to reach his perilous objective.

By PATRICIA GIFFNEY

• Our little son, Brendan, is at present romping his way through the dangerous year. He is 18-months-old, and, when people ask me if he is toddling, I give a strained laugh.

DO modern babies toddle? My own experience gives me the impression that they just suddenly leap from their bassinettes and sprint into whatever mischief is on hand.

This is the year of exploration—full of traps for young explorers.

I find it is my business, as it must be of every other mother, to safeguard the infant Ulysses by thinking ahead of the little brain, so that everything in sight which is attractive and, at the same time, might be dangerous, is removed.

This certainly makes a mother's life an arduous one, but the tragic accidents sometimes brought about by the neglect of these precautions make a 24-hours-a-day vigilance worth while.

There are so many things to be considered.

There is, for example, the latch which must always be secured on the gate, for the long road outside has a great lure at 18 months old.

Brendan has made several journeys out of sight and has always been laughingly rescued.

But a car could come round the corner unexpectedly and then it would be a long time before any of us would feel like laughing again.

That fear has trained us in setting the latch firmly, but it wasn't long before we observed the little figure on tiptoes lifting the latch and escaping gaily once again.

A wooden peg in the slot was the next move in the think-ahead campaign and so far that has been successful.

There is another form of exploration—through the mouth.



ONCE more on the ground, he decides to seek fresh fields of adventure. He is undaunted by flight of brick steps for the descent of which he has evolved special technique



NOW OUT in the garden, he makes for the gate which was carefully latched. But, at 18 months, Brendan has learnt the secret of a latch, and in the twinkling of an eye he is through.



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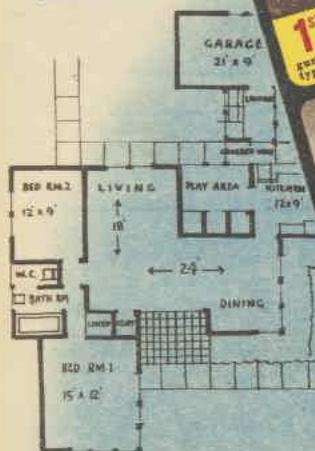
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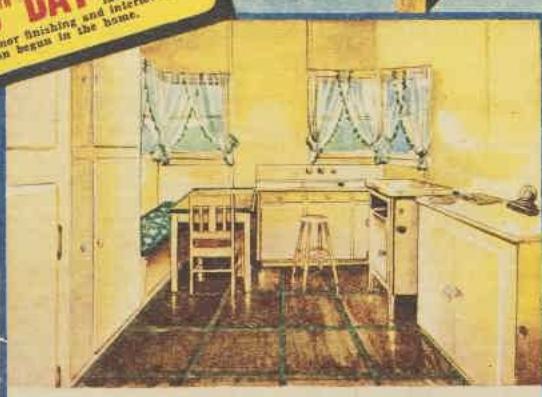
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Spaciousness and comfort are keynotes of the L shaped living room. Furniture is of Plywood in this and all other rooms. The versatility of Plywood permits full freedom in planning.



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Continuing . . . "A Green Isle . . ."

from page 3

STEPPING quickly into the awkward breach, I explained, "The Giddy Gays are a girls' club that Helen sponsors—should I say a literary club, Helen?"

"Then I expect you wouldn't mind taking them over this evening?" He looked at me expectantly.

"Why, of course, darling," said Helen, recovering herself and smiling at me. "If you have any trouble at all with the poems, why, just ask Mildred to help you. She's the captain of the club's president."

And with this she stood up and excused herself prettily to go and change her dress, and I sat on quietly and regretted my mistakes. For not even being in the same room with a man as good-looking as Neil Whitfield could take my mind off the Giddy Gays. I went down to the hall where they practise one Friday night with Helen and watched them, and the prospect of trying to manage that group of active girls by myself exhausted me just to think about.

Presently Helen came out ready to go to the concert. And if I hadn't known that she had gone into our bedroom fifteen minutes before, I wouldn't have believed it was the same girl. For she had put on my new green crepe suit with the little flowered hat, and she looked a perfect picture.

"Don't wait up for me, Marge, dear," she said with a bright casual smile as if every evening she dressed up like that and walked out with a good-looking man, and with that they swept out of the room, while I nervously tried to go and face the Giddy Gays.

An hour and a half I spent cowering around with those fifteen-year-old dynamos, and when I finally dragged myself home about ten o'clock, I was so stiff that I could hardly get into bed. I was too tired even to lift up the corner of my mouth and smile at the idea of Helen's sitting and trying to look enthralled at a piano concert when all the music she has ever been accustomed to is the sound of a horse's hoofs and typewriter keys.

When I woke up next morning Helen was sitting by the window with her chin in her hand looking dreamy-eyed. She had on my white chiffon negligee again and a green satin ribbon in her hair.

"Well," I said dryly, "and how's the Lady of Shallot this morning?"

She turned her head slowly and looked at me thoughtfully. "Marge," she said, "I'm in love."

"And just your type, too," I said, sitting up and stretching.

"He said that I made him think of a flower on the edge of a quiet pool," he said, and then blushed.

I just stared at her.

"He's coming for lunch," she went on dreamily. "We're going to read poetry together."

"Look, Helen," I said, getting out of bed and going over to stand in front of her, arms akimbo, "far be it from me to remind you, but do you know what day this is? Show day."

She sat up straight with a blank look in her eyes. "Gosh, Marge," she said. "I forgot all about that."

She was definitely worried. Even at breakfast when she usually eats two eggs and three pieces of toast and bacon to match, she just sat and stared out of the window.

"Would it be an awful shock to him, Marge, do you think, if he found out I was sort of athletically inclined?" she asked anxiously.

"Not any more than finding out that the flower he had picked by a

quiet pool was a bumble bee," I said darkly. "My advice is to tell the man."

"Oh, Marge," she said, and her eyes filled with tears, something I hadn't seen happen since that time she sprained her ankle jumping a tennis net. "I can't run the risk of disillusioning him. He thinks I'm so feminine and fragile."

"O.K." I said, getting up from the table. "It's your love affair. But don't blame me if you spend the rest of your life trying to find a rhyme for orange."

Just before time for Neil to come,

we dressed up, Helen in my best yellow linen, and me in my second best pink.

Honestly, when she fluffed her hair out softly, and got into clothes that weren't in too big a hurry to prove the law of gravitation, she looked positively beautiful.

And when Nell came with that eager look in his eyes as if he had just found a short cut to heaven, she had tucked a yellow rose in her hair, and was casually fingering that book of poems by Poe.

They both seemed in a trance all through lunch, just gazing at each other and hardly eating at all.

Then straight afterwards they went into the garden to read some more poetry.

"I'm going to the showground to watch the ring events," I said. "Would you two care to come along?"

Helen looked up with a pained expression. You can't build your life round a pony and then suddenly trade it in for a satin-covered volume of poetry without feeling the difference.

"Would you like to go?" she turned to Neil wistfully. "It might be amusing—watching them, I mean."

A fleeting look of unhappiness crossed his face, and then he pressed his lips together and shook his head firmly. "No, indeed," he said. "It would be all dust and noise. You wouldn't like it at all, I'm sure."

"There's another concert," I said with a grin at Helen. "The local orchestra and a chorus of a hundred voices. You could go to that instead."

"Of course," said Helen, but her voice was small and her look decidedly without enthusiasm. "We could go to that."

I LEFT them,

and made my way to the showground, arriving just in time for the grand parade of riders. But, somehow, I wasn't enjoying myself at all for thinking about Helen not being able to ride Carmen in that show. Love does funny things.

The concert was taking place quite close by, so after the parade was over I went and stood in the doorway of the auditorium and looked round until I saw Helen and Neil. They were at the very back and looking none too happy, either of them.

I found myself wondering if Helen had already let slip some comment about cricket or riding or had revealed her ignorance about music and poetry, because after all you can go only just so far saying, "He's my favorite composer," and "I just love Keats and Shelley."

I didn't even sit down at the concert. I went back to the ring. A big crowd was there, and everybody was moving round excitedly. The riding contest for women was to take place soon, and everybody was looking forward to it.

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Pamela Patience . . .

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